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THE ANGEL VISION.

BY GEO. W. DOANE.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.

He carved it then on the shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision.
With Heaven's own light the sculpture shone—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour, when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.

If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives that angel vision!

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of "A Woman's Vow," "Wrung from the Grave," "Husband to Which?" etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE BEGUN.

Castleton Vane, the hero of our romance, was the posthumous son of a citizen of Wexford, a small town in the State of Kentucky.

His father, Mordred Castleton Vane having died about six months before his birth, and his mother some six minutes, or such a matter thereafter, Castleton was left with a small unentailed property to a care of a distant relative, who chanced to be at once intelligent enough to manage the young child's inheritance to considerable advantage, and honest enough to appropriate it to the best interests of the heir-at-law, without even so much as an attorney's fee for himself.

Very few, if any, of the stirring incidents that followed thick and fast upon the steps of his manhood had characterized his earlier years. Honest and intrepid, intelligent and cheerful, he had been "brought up" without a great deal of trouble to his sponsors, and therefore with as little of the "closet" or the "birch" as the majority of juveniles, in the earlier stages of puberty could boast of.

"Give a young fellow of *pluck* and principle a good education, and he will never come to want," was one of the dogmas of Markham Dennison, the guardian of our Castleton. And accordingly our hero had, after the most approved fashion of the day, been trained in the best of preparatory schools, followed by a full course at Princeton.

"You haven't fortune enough to live on, young man," said Markham Dennison sententiously. "So you will of course select a profession. Think about it for a few days and let me know what you have decided on."

"I have decided already," replied the handsome young fellow in a firm, clear tone.

"And what is it? You might go in with my cousin Olgrave, the architect."

"My ambition does not lie in that line, I believe," answered Vane, with a smile; "and as I have already told you, I have selected a profession."

"Well?"

"I am going to read law."

Mr. Markham Dennison answered at first with a dilation of vision and long, low whistle. Then his eyes took in a survey of the young man from head to foot, as though he were a tailor measuring him for a suit of clothes. It must be remembered that Mr. Dennison was a man in moderate circumstances with little or no ambition, and a thorough regard for honesty and truth.

"I hope, Vane, that all the care and attention I have bestowed upon you are not going to be thrown away?"

"If I can prevent it, sir, it shall not."

"I don't know. You staggered me a little just now."

"May I inquire how, as it was entirely unintentional, and hope that you will speedily recover your equilibrium."

"Do you know what is necessary to make a lawyer, sir?"

"I think, sir, that I have some idea."

"Will you name some of the cardinal points?"

"Willingly. Four will do, I imagine."

"Provided they have the power of the magnet and point truly. What are they?"

"First, at least a moderate amount of brains to begin with."

"That is true enough," replied the old man with a grunt. "Idiots are irresponsible creatures from whom we expect nothing. And what next?"

"Perseverance."

"Well, you are better than I thought for. I suppose no considerable triumph is ever achieved without that one entailed curse of the law—'the sweat of our brow.' Now for the third."

"You will no longer give me credit for originality. You will find, however, that I am borrowing from a high source, no less in fact than Demosthenes. Do you remember what was his advice to his followers?"

"I do not."

"Well, the third is still—Perseverance."

"Humph. But as language admits of emphasis, I suppose that action may too. And the fourth?"

"Once more—Perseverance."

"Ha! ha!" assented Markham Dennison, looking at this young disciple of Solon with quasi approbativeness. "I am afraid Vane, you'll do. A deuced pity, though, to spoil a clever, honest man in this way."

"Perhaps I may retain those very desirable characteristics, even in the practice of the law, who knows?"

"The days of miracles are past, my boy. But you are old enough to know what profession in life you are best suited for; and you shall never have it to say that I thwarted you in your chosen calling. I had hoped to leave you here to set the plows agoing, and to watch the mowers reap in their useful harvests year after year, when I was gone, until your own son mayhap—an honest lad, as I'd thought you'd be, could come on to take the old homestead after ye. Well, well, I'll not complain. So I suppose you must go off to school again, my lad?"

"To a law school, yes sir."

"To unlearn all you've been a studying before?"

"Oh, I hope not Uncle Den—" Vane had grown up to call him Uncle. "My early requirements will be indispensably necessary in the calling I propose to pursue."

"Ah! learning is not always necessary to enable one to cheat his neighbors."

"But it may help when one wishes to prevent his neighbor from cheating him."

"You were cut out for a lawyer I see, Vane," replied Mr. Markham Dennison, dryly. "I should cross your manifest destiny if I had the power to interfere. So get ready as soon as you will and you shall go."

And in a few weeks Vane was working diligently at one of our first-class legal institutions.

At the end of the second session he had taken his diploma and set up his shingle at the first door of a couple of rooms in Wexford from which Mr. Dennison's residence was just half a mile distant.

We will begin with the first case undertaken by our hero.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST CASE.

Castleton Vane had been occupying his chambers for some three or four months, with a scarcity of everything except time about him, when his former guardian Markham Dennison strolled into his office one day just as our hero was giving some evidences of life by throwing open his doors and windows, of making himself ready for any possible client who might come in.

"Wouldn't it be as profitable—as you have a turn that way, to lie in bed and have your meals brought to you," asked the old gentleman, dryly. "Why do you get up at all?"

"The force of habit, I suppose," said Castleton, amiably, for young men of twenty-two or thereabouts are generally disposed to be disputations about their prerogative. "We can't live without a *little* variety, you know."

"Then your life must be in danger, for it strikes me you have rather a monotonous time of it here."

"Well there is no considerable seasoning of the spice of life here, that is a truth," said Castleton, with a yawn. "It strikes me that the millenium cannot be very far off for the world has suddenly become wonderfully pacific since I took out my license."

"Would you have it otherwise?"

"Ah! Uncle Den, you will never allow me to be professional. I was speaking as a lawyer, and you appeal to me at once, as a humanitarian."

"You confess then that the two will not harmonize?"

"Are you asking my opinion professionally?"

"Hang your profession! No! Ah! my boy, I raised you an honest lad, and thank heaven you can't get over it."

"I have neither desire nor intention to get over it," said Castleton Vane seriously. "And I intend to show you, Uncle——" the chiseled lips were compressed with a great deal of half latent energy, "that a lawyer may succeed, may even rise to eminence in his profession and still be an honest man."

"I am still open to conviction, Cas," replied Mr. Dennison slowly. "But, my boy, I think I have something here that may place you beyond any such arduous necessity, if you are willing to undertake it."

"I would dare a great deal to have my ambitious projects crowned with success," said the young man. "What is it?"

"Softly, Cas," replied Markham Dennison gravely. "My apprehensions are that you will dare too much. The wisest of young people will lack caution."

"Phrenologists declare that bump well developed in my cranium," answered Castleton, stolidly. "I think you may trust me."

"I don't know," returned Markham Dennison, dubiously. "And yet I suppose I must. You remember my old friend, John Whitfield?"

"Yes, sir."

"And his niece, Iola Dare?"

This time the young man's face colored perceptibly.

"Yes, sir," he replied, but he did not look his uncle squarely in the face as before.

"Well, the girl's father, James Dare, has come to his death—they suspect by some unfair means, in Nevada."

"Ah!"

"Yes. And he has left a handsome property out there, for which a half brother of Dare's, one Malvern Cushing, is contending."

At the word "contending," Castleton Vane turned round and faced Mr. Markham Dennison again. An important case at law might be here opening before him.

"Are you listening to me, Cas?"

"With all my powers of hearing, sir."

"Then see here. John Whitfield has every reason to believe that Cushing is an unscrupulous scoundrel, trying to defraud his niece out of her just inheritance, and he wishes, if possible, to prove him an impostor, and assert Iola's rights. For this purpose he desires to employ a sharp, enterprising, young attorney who will not be like the fable of the monkey and the cheese."

"Have you persuaded him that I am his man?" asked young Vane with a smile.

"I have tried to persuade him that you are not, but he'll not listen to me," pursued Markham Dennison, bluntly. "Do you know where your field of operations will lie?"

"I think you said in Nevada, sir."

"Why yes. James Dare's interests are there, and in a gold mine twenty miles in the interior. You would have to explore those regions generally, to get up witnesses or to take their depositions—and they may be all bought over."

"But will Mr. John Whitfield let me undertake to hunt them up?" asked Castleton excitedly. "Will he give me his niece's case?"

"He desires to do so for the reasons I have stated," answered Markham Dennison. "He thinks if there is any such thing as honesty it will be easy to prove that the property belongs to his niece. While an unscrupulous attorney might go over to the enemy for the sake of dividing the spoils, rather than receiving a reasonable fee from the girl."

"Only let me go," cried the young man excitedly, "and I'll unearth this Malvern Cushing though he shall have burrowed a thousand feet deep in the earth. I'll see Iola Dare righted."

"Amen!" said the old gentleman admiringly, in spite of himself. "But take care that your chivalry does not degenerate into Quixotism."

Entrancing visions of the far west and the interesting adventures he might meet with on the way, were already floating through Castleton Vane's eager young imagination, and he did not hear Mr. Markham Dennison's closing remark.

"When am I to go?" he presently asked. "How did you hear about it? How do you know I am to go at all?" A shadow was crossing his bright young face at the thought that he might be disappointed after all.

"Start with that much impetuosity, and I don't think you'll do much," replied the old gentleman. "One question at a time. How do I know you are to go at all? Well, I have a letter and a messenger direct from John Whitfield himself, bidding me send you to him at once. He will instruct you when and how you are to proceed. Here is the letter, and the messenger is waiting."

Mr. Dennison handed young Vane a letter, or rather a note, which the latter unfolded and read—

> MY DEAR DENNISON—You will remember that I told you at our last meeting, of my brother-in-law's, James Dare's, death, and the consequent entanglement in which Iola's property is involved. I now have reason to fear that matters are in a much worse condition than I at first supposed. My health has grown rapidly worse, and the employment of an attorney at once is indispensably necessary. You know my opinion of the legal profession generally. As well try the compromise with Malvern Cushing as to trust the generality of them. You have reared your kinsman, Castleton Vane, in such style that he ought to be an honest lad, and as I remember him, he was also a sprightly one. I think I can instruct him in such manner that my poor lamb Iola shall not be utterly shorn. You will explain to him the dangers and difficulties of the journey. If he is willing to undertake it send him to me. He shall be well paid.
>
> Your old friend,
> JOHN WHITFIELD.
>
> N. B.—If young Vane concludes to come at all, let him do so without delay. J. W.

Castleton looked up at his kinsman hopefully.

"Where is the messenger?" he asked.

"At my house. But you must take time to consider, Vane. You must remember that, apart from the foes your enterprise will make for you, you will have to pass a region of territory occupied by savages, who are not in the most friendly humor with the whites just at present."

"I know, and our standing army is not so far off but that the savages are held in some restraint. This is an enterprise exactly suited to my taste, and I trust Uncle you will not attempt to interpose any serious obstacle."

"None, unless your own good sense shall hereafter suggest them," replied Mr. Dennison, seriously. "Ah, Cas, my lad, I have felt a presentiment all the while that this law business was to involve you in some serious trouble before you should be well out of it. There are people throwing temptation in your way almost in the very start, by wandering off well nigh to the ends of the earth to get into difficulty, and then sending for you to get them out of it. But I suppose the poor child Iola ought not to suffer without an attempt to bring the reprobate Malvern Cushing to justice. You are your own man now, and must take the whole burden upon your own shoulders. I wash my hands of it."

"I cheerfully submit," said Castleton, with a smile, "and shall be thrice blessed I think, in having Miss Iola Dare for my first client. So I shall hasten, if you please, Uncle, to receive my 'power of attorney.'"

And in another hour Castleton Vane was on the road towards "Swallow's Nest," the country residence of Mr. John Whitfield, some forty miles distant from Wexford.

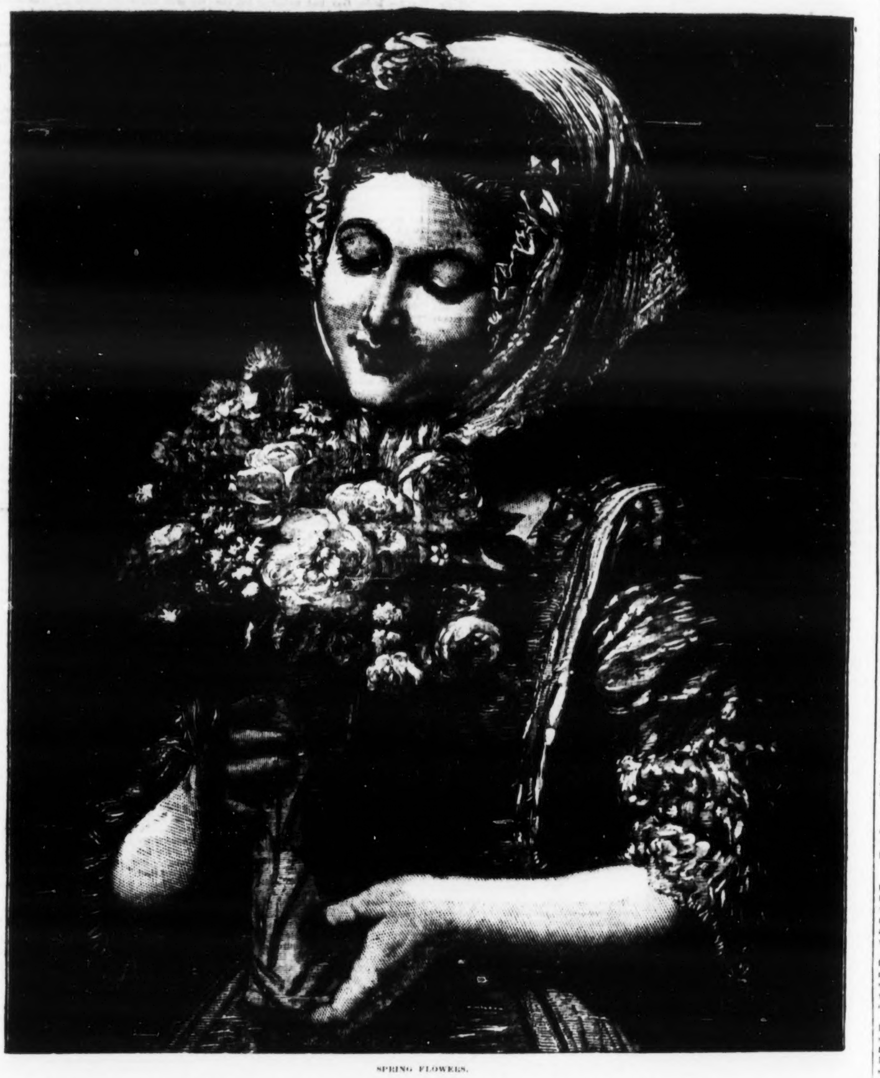
CHAPTER III.

"THE POWER OF ATTORNEY."

The shadows of night had extended over the earth when Castleton Vane drew up before the gates of "Swallow's Nest," and being much wearied with his long drive, got out and relinquished the reins of his jaded horse to a servant.

An unusual hush seemed to have fallen upon everything. The night air had grown uncomfortably cold, too, and it was with a joyous sense of approaching comfort that the young man opened the yard gate and hurried up the graveled walk. A subdued light struggling through the front windows, across which the curtains had been already drawn, broke here and there in an irregular straggling way across his path.

"I wonder if Iola is as pretty as she u ed



SPRING FLOWERS.

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to be," he muttered; "if so, I am afraid I shall lose my heart as I did when I was a boy."

It had been but three years ago since he had seen her "as a boy," and he had not quite forgotten her since.

He stepped into the little latticed porch and reached for the bell.

"Good heavens!"

His hand had clasped a floating ribband of crape. What could this mean? Was he too late after all? And was the old man dead?

Recovering himself in a measure, he found the bellknob, and a muffled tintinabulation seemed to respond from the remotest corner of the house. Then there was a tread that seemed muffled, too, in the hall, and presently an aged domestic opened the door.

"Mr. John Whitfield lives here I believe?"

"He did, sir."

"Then he is ——"

"He is dead, sir."

"Ah!" The long-drawn respiration seemed so full of regret that the old servitor looked up in surprise.

"Are you the gentleman my master had sent for, sir?—one Mr. Castleton Vane?"

"Yes."

"Then, if you please, you were to be admitted as soon as you came," said the man, holding open the door in which Castleton had turned, as if about to depart. "Mrs. Grimshaw will see you, sir."

"And who is Mrs. Grimshaw?" asked young Vane, stepping lightly across the white corridor into a dimly lighted room.

"Miss Iola's housekeeper, sir. I will let her know you are here."

The servant had been gone but a few moments when an elderly woman, evidently the housekeeper, came in.

"Mr. Vane, you are too late for him, sir, but I am very glad you have come, on my poor dear young lady's account."

"When did he die?" asked Castleton in a low tone.

"To-day, as the sun went down, sir. He was took all of a sudden like. He was sitting at his desk writing a letter when my young lady came in and crept up behind him to kiss him on surprise, sir, like her own pretty ways. He turned round on her all of a sudden and cried out to her ever so harsh, that he could not trust even her, for that she was a tryin' to read what he had writ.

"You may guess she was terrified, well nigh out of her senses at this; and went down on her knees before him, sobbing like her heart would break. Then, seeing her so, he seemed to get back his senses for a moment; and he appeared to be leaning forward to kiss her, when the Lord came between them, and my master fell dead at her feet."

"And the letter was for me?"

"Yes, sir; only a broken fragment or so; for, as I tell you, he had just begun it. And my poor, dear young lady took it up and read it, and cried over it, and would not let it go in ever so long. She has had a hard time of it, sir. She will be so glad you have come. So, just excuse me a moment and I will go and tell her," and Mrs. Grimshaw went out again, leaving the youthful attorney to his own reflections, which did not seem to be any of the most pleasant just now, for he got up, and after looking scrutinizingly about the room, turned the lamp to throw a better light over the apartment.

"What a disagreeable old fellow he must have been," muttered Castleton. "I should think timid, little Iola must have had a hard time of it, with such a blue beard; I feel half afraid of him myself, though he is dead. Why am I still to wait, I wonder? He cannot have been so mad as——"

"Miss Dare begs me to give her kindest regards," interrupted the housekeeper, looking in again. "And I was to show you into my master's reading room, where the doctor and Mr. Miles Gay are sitting in consultation. They will tell you something about his business matters; and in half an hour I am to take you to her sitting room."

Leading the way, Mrs. Grimshaw took him into a room on the opposite side of the little passage, and presented first Dr. Raymond and then Mr. Miles Gay.

Each of the gentlemen gravely shook hands.

"I must confess my surprise," said Dr. Raymond, the neighborhood practitioner. "I had just been informed by Mr. Whitfield to-day that he had selected an attorney, who I had naturally presumed was an elderly man."

"Did Mr. Whitfield leave a will?" asked Castleton, anxiously.

"No," returned the doctor. "He was anxious for you to come, that he might have such a document drawn up at once. He has one son, as, perhaps, you know?"

"I have heard something to that effect," answered Castleton, as if struggling to remember, "I don't think, though, that I have ever met the young man."

"I dare say not," replied the doctor gravely. "Bill Whitfield must be nearly forty now. He got into a serious difficulty and left these parts, I should think about the time you were born. He has never been back, and Mr. Whitfield never called his name. This gentleman, Mr. Miles Gay, has come here in his interests now."

"Ah!"

"The gentleman of whom we spoke, Mr. William Whitfield, is still living, I suppose?" he presently asked, turning towards Mr. Miles Gay.

"Yes, sir," replied that individual; "I left him in California. He had employed me to come on here and strive to effect a reconciliation with his father; but beyond some general expressions of hope in his son's reformation, I have done nothing!"

"Except, perhaps, to shorten the old man's life, by the violent agitation into which he was thrown," replied Dr. Raymond, dryly. "The mere mention of his son's name would cause the most violent returns of that heart palpitation, from which he had long been a sufferer."

"The son will inherit his property, I suppose?" said Castleton.

"Not unless he has destroyed a former will written some three years ago, and of which I was one of the executors," replied the doctor. "He told me, however, on the evening before his death that the will had been misplaced, or had disappeared, and that he had sent for you to make sure of another. I helped him to make a search for it; but it was nowhere to be found."

Castleton imagined that Dr. Raymond looked furtively out of the corner of his eye at Mr. Miles Gay; when, as if prompted by a sudden thought, he turned abruptly towards the latter.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Three days, sir; not long enough to destroy the obnoxious document, if any such had been existing at the time of my arrival."

Castleton Vane was amazed at the reckless audacity of this speech. Had he implied any such suspicion by his own look or manner? Such words from his lips would have been with a burst of passion, accompanied by a blow; yet the other was serenely playfully smiling as though priding himself upon having got off a capital joke.

Unable to disguise the disagreeable impression with which this stranger inspired him, young Vane turned his frank, proud face once more towards the doctor.

"Mr. Whitfield had sent for me," he said, "to make some arrangements with regard to certain possessions belonging to his niece, Miss Dare, in the distant west, but as he has died before giving me instructions, I presume the leading object of my visit here is at an end."

"I hope not," replied Dr. Raymond, earnestly; "Mr. Whitfield placed in my possession a package of papers that were to be turned over to you; all referring to this western property, which he thinks you will have no trouble in proving to belong entirely to his niece. He seemed so much worse on the evening of Mr. Gay's arrival that he turned them over to me, and entreated me to see them safely in your hands, if he did not live to do so. After that he was much disturbed in mind, and talked a good deal at random. He had begun a letter to you, when death stopped him."

"I have heard something of that," said Castleton. "Did this fragment contain any valuable instructions or suggestions?"

"I have it here, you can judge for yourself," said the doctor, and he handed him a crumpled sheet of paper.

Castleton took it and walked up near the lamp. He noticed the marks of tears—Iola Dare's tears upon the stained page, and it was not without some difficulty that he read:

Last Instructions of John Whitfield to Castleton Vane:

Should you arrive, as God grant you may, before it is too late, I feel confident that I can put you in possession of such facts as will render your guardianship of my beloved niece and the full securing of her rightful property an easy matter. But as I feel my strength failing me momentarily, and know that I am surrounded by enemies who would not hesitate to take my life to secure their object, I will add a few more written instructions to those already in the hands of Dr. Raymond for your farther guidance, in case I should not live to see you. I have told you that I leave Iola and her interests in your hands, because I believe you will guard them as neat your own. Take her as soon as you can possibly make your arrangements to the home of her childhood, at Cailville, in Nevada; you will there find the two witnesses, Moses Brown and Matthew Perry, upon whose depositions the strength of testimony against that arch friend, Malvern Cushing, will mainly lie. They will put you in possession of many important facts for the sake of Iola's father, whom they loved. But in the name of heaven, I charge you, be on your guard. You will be pursued by enemies who will endeavor to rob you, to obtain possession of your papers, or if they failed, even to take your life and hers. Harry Gates, my farm manager, and his wife, have agreed to accompany you for a certain sum, as they have been for some time anxious to move West. Mrs. Grimshaw will be my niece's companion. Do not trust yourself to strangers who may join your party on the way. They may turn out wolves in sheep's clothing. If you can get to the house of Morgan Dare, in Cailville, with Iola, you will be safe, and your objects secured. I charge you then, as you value your life and reputation, be cautious. Let "eternal vigilance" be your watch words. Every step of your journey will bristle with foes. Mistrust every footfall——

Castleton Vane looked up in bewilderment.

"Gentlemen, can either of you read me this riddle, or point me to any possible solution?" he asked.

"Hush! said Dr. Raymond, softly. "Take as little notice of this as you can. It has already distressed his niece more than you can imagine. I have told you that his mind was much disturbed for some hours prior to his death."

"Has it not been affected for a much longer period?" asked Miles Gay, with pointed significance.

"No, sir," replied the doctor, pointedly. "He was in perfect possession of all his faculties until this last nervous shock since your arrival. He had prevailed upon his niece to select Mr. Vane here as her guardian, and gave me entirely lucid explanations when he placed her papers in my hands until I could deliver them over to him. Immediately after the burial I shall do this. And we will then take a final search for the missing will."

Mr. Gay had been looking in the meantime at Castleton Vane's youthful face with a contemptuous sneer, as though he would require no stronger proof of the insanity of the dead man than his having selected this inexperienced boy, to place in the responsible position of guardian over the contested property of the young girl mentioned, but he said nothing and the doctor rose also to take leave, as Mrs. Grimshaw once more appeared at the door.

"You will, of course, remain here until after the burial?" he said to Castleton.

"I see no other alternative," replied the latter, and Dr. Raymond, bidding him good night, passed out before him.

"Will you be kind enough to follow me, sir," said Mrs. Grimshaw.

And as Castleton turned to obey the stranger likewise arose.

"And as I, too, must remain here in the interests of my client, who is now '*magister domo*,'" he said, "I see no alternative, as I do not wish to be left down here alone, but for me to go to my room. I hate the solitude that arises from strangeness, even in a great city; but solitude here, in this desert and in this house, is next door to——" And he took up a light and unceremoniously preceded Vane and the housekeeper up the stairway.

It seemed hard for this man to subdue his quick, restless nature to the proper level for a house of mourning. His still dusty boots were of the finest English make, but they echoed, like metal, up the oaken stairway. An idle observer, had there been one in the adjoining rooms, would have expected to look out on a red-faced, plethoric gentleman, maintaining a corporosity of some two hundred and fifty pounds, avoirdupois, while in reality he was scarcely as heavy as Castleton.

As they reached the landing above, the former bowed obsequiously, the latter distantly, and they turned in opposite directions. Vane following the servant, across the hall into a bright little room that seemed to have been fitted up as a sort of boudoir for the young lady.

There was a fire lighted on the hearth and a lamp burning brightly on a centre table. At the sound of Castleton Vane's footsteps a young girl rose quickly from a chair near this table, in which she had been sitting with a book in hand, and advanced to meet him.

An exceedingly handsome young woman, as he could discover at a first glance, though her bright face was unusually flushed and her dark eyes red from weeping. She wore a simple brown merino dress, fitting tightly to her exquisite figure, while her dark, abandoned hair fell in loose ringlets below her waist. She had evidently been struggling to compose herself, but her voice—a low, sweet, musical voice at all times—was tremulous with emotion as she spoke.

"I am Iola Dare," she said, unaffectedly. "I can scarcely flatter myself that you remember me, it has been so long since we met, and I was then so mere a child."

Not much more than a child now, at eighteen, yet he had never forgotten the girl of fifteen, whose winsome graces, even then, had made a deeper impression than he had ever deemed it sensible to acknowledge.

He hastened to assure her, very naturally, however, that she had scarcely altered at all, and drew her, after a little, in a very business-like manner, to speak of her Uncle. Once or twice he feared that she was about to burst into tears and break down altogether, but she recovered herself, with an unusual show of strength, and went on speaking to him of her early life, and of the few years she had passed here with her Uncle, prior to his death.

"You think then," said Castleton, after listening to her attentively, "that he was in perfect possession of all his faculties when he chose one of so little experience as myself to take your affairs in hand, rather than an older man?"

"Of that there can be no doubt," she replied in a surprised tone. "He seemed to have remembered you as a lad and had for quite a while announced his intention of employing you as soon as you should leave college, but still he deferred it until—until the arrival of this unprepossessing friend of my absent and disowned kinsman, William Whitfield."

"You refer to Mr. Miles Gay?"

"Yes."

"Had you ever seen him before?" asked Castleton, after a moment's pause.

"His face haunts me," she replied, with a troubled look, striking the toe of her delicate little boot rather nervously upon the floor. "I know that I have seen him frequently in my childhood somewhere about my Western home, but I cannot, for my life, recall under what circumstances."

"Have you questioned him?" asked Vane.

"Indirectly, yes," answered Iola, thoughtfully. "But he either cannot or will not refresh my memory. All I can gather from him is that he had met my father."

"Did your Uncle seem pleased to see him?"

"Alas! no. I am sure that the excitement attendant upon his arrival and communications, was the immediate cause of my Uncle's death."

"You are not aware then of the nature of those communications, Miss Dare?"

"Only to a limited extent. I know that he had been employed by my Uncle's son to attempt a reconciliation."

"Do you think he could have had yet another motive in coming—anything in connection with yourself?"

"I do not understand."

"In the interests of this Malvern Cushing, about your Western property."

"I had not thought of that. I cannot tell." The shadow of busy thought was deepening on her face.

"Nevertheless he may be attempting to kill two birds with one stone. I shall keep an eye on him."

The conversation was protracted for perhaps half an hour longer, when Mrs. Grimshaw thoughtfully observing that the gentleman seemed fatigued with his long ride, summoned a servant to show him to his room.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH CASTLETON VANE GAINS SOME FARTHER INSIGHTS INTO THE PAST HISTORY OF MISS IOLA DARE.

The funeral obsequies of Mr. John Whitfield, deceased, were fairly over and no will had been found, after every nook and crevice in the house had been searched.

Castleton Vane had taken possession of sundry legal and other documents from the hands of Dr. Raymond, and had found in them ample and comprehensive instructions for his own proceedings and unless some new evidence could be adduced by the counsel for Malvern Cushing, of which he was kept in ignorance at present, he could see no reason why her rights to the immense fortune of about half a million of property in California and Nevada might not be established at once. Only in case of her death, as it now appeared to him, could her property be claimed by her half Uncle, Malvern Cushing. There were other instructions laid down for her immediate return to the home of her childhood, and now of her next nearest relative, Morgan Dare, with some other relations of a private nature, with which we need not trouble the reader at present.

There was nothing, however, that served to dampen the ardor of Castleton Vane's enthusiasm or diminish his hopes of absolute success in the enterprise which he was about to undertake.

He had not formed an exactly favorable opinion of Mr. Miles Gay, but as yet Mr. Miles Gay appeared to have taken but little interest in his part of future negotiations. He had taken possession of "Swallows' Nest" in the name and for the interests of Mr. William Whitfield, until he could manage to dispose of the place and return to his employer in the West. And Castleton Vane, after another private interview with Miss Dare, returned to Wexford to make his arrangements as speedily as possible for starting on his long and fatiguing journey, the young lady having promised to hold herself in readiness to depart whenever occasion should require. To Iola, young, poetic and imaginative, the life she had been leading of late had been that of some pretty caged bird, transferred to some unknown latitude, and she had lived in a world of her own, lit up with the unreal golden tints of the exciting overwrought romances that constituted a greater part of her Uncle's library, until the marvel was that she knew anything of practical every day life, but this heroine of ours was none of your namby-pamby dolls of fashionable coteries. She had fortunately been endowed by nature with a quick, vigorous brain, and a large, warm heart, in consequence of which she was far better prepared than any one could have imagined to adapt herself to almost any position in life. She was, therefore, by no means loath to consent to the arrangement made by her Uncle to return to the scenes of her childhood, in the wild and romantic country in the West. Thoughts of the journey and its consequent adventures, filled her with delight, and it was with a bounding heart that she found herself early one morning on the way to Wexford, for the purpose of beginning from there her eventful journey, as it was destined to prove.

Old Markham Dennison gave her a cordial welcome for the day she tarried at his house, but his countenance was sad, and he seemed filled with anxious forebodings.

"I had no idea when John Whitfield sent for you that he meant you to take the girl along," he said, gloomily. "I am forced to think also, that he had lost his reason."

"There is no evidence of it in this," answered Castleton. "He foresaw that no lawyer in regular practice, or with a family, would be willing to undertake such a perilous adventure without positive certainty as to an enormous fee, and there could be no assurance of that unless the question were already settled. A young man in whose honor he could confide, restless with the inactivity of home life, and whose circumstances would render it necessary for him to dare a great deal for a handsome competency was exactly the sort of person he required."

"It seems to me that an older person would have been a more suitable escort for a young lady," said Markham Dennison, dryly.

"I don't see," returned Castleton, coloring slightly. "She will have a highly respectable middle-aged lady as companion, and a young married woman and her husband in our immediate party. What more could be required?"

"A husband for herself, perhaps."

Castleton Vane looked down as though studying the shape of his boots, making answer after a little:

"She is a nice girl, sir."

"I am glad to think so, yes. But I don't think your parents, if they were living, would have exactly liked you to marry her."

"Why not? if I had a thought of marrying any one?" asked Castleton, abruptly.

"Because," answered Markham Dennison, with evident reluctance, "there is a stain upon her name. I see you are surprised, but as this is the last time I may see you, and you are going away under your present peculiar circumstances, I consider it best that you should know all. The lives of her parents were very wretched, and if all reports be true, the death of the mother when Iola was quite a small child, was a blessing for which her friends could not be too thankful."

"And if they be true," returned Vane, solemnly, "there is the more reason why this young lady in her helplessness should be protected by every true gentleman. Her Uncle was right so far. She will be as safe in my keeping as she would be in that of the nearest relative, bound by every tie of nature to protect her, and I shall honor her as I would do any other, of the most stainless pedigree in the land," and with this he walked away, leaving Mr. Markham Dennison with mingled emotions of admiration for the young man and sorrow at his approaching departure.

Early on the following morning Castleton Vane and his little party had started on their journey once more, to be delayed for some days by no serious interruption.

Our youthful escort would have been considerably surprised had he been informed that Mr. Miles Gay had suddenly left the affairs at Swallow's Nest in the hands of an agent, and by a start of twelve hours, reaching the seaport town at which they were to embark in advance of him, had slipped on board the same steamer, disguised by heavy false whiskers and a red wig.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST AMBUSH.

Our adventurers, at the time of which we write, were forced to take the steam line for the Gulf of Mexico and California, and had finally reached the latter without other than the ordinary discomforts of seasickness and the like. Here they were to change again for the smaller boats of the Colorado, to pursue their toilsome journey into the interior, sometimes in lumbering stage-coaches for miles overland, and again taking the rough boats where the water would allow.

Castleton Vane had seen but little of Iola Dare in the earlier part of their voyage, the latter having, as he thought, rather studiously kept her cabin or remained on deck with her uncultivated companions, Mrs. Yates and old Mrs. Grimshaw, while he would be left to stand at a distance and watch the graceful movements of her petite figure and the lively play of her animated countenance as new views were unfolded before her. Now, however, that they had reached the Colorado and were necessarily thrown more familiarly together, their intercourse assumed a more friendly type and each began to experience an indescribable pleasure in the society of the other, which they did not stop to analyze. Perhaps if these two young people had been told that they were already in love with each other, the astonishment of both would have been considerable, and yet such was already the fact, a fact that was to pursue them each henceforth, and resolutely and inevitably stare them in the face, let them struggle as they would to put it down.

As was natural, a consciousness of the state of his own feelings came first to Castleton Vane, filling him with a strange admixture of indescribable happiness and restless anxiety—happiness at the thought of being ever so near the beloved object, and alarm lest some serious, perhaps fatal accident, might befall them on the way, for the river sometimes became alarming and its rapids inaccessible. Then there were depressing influences from malarial causes, and a wildness and savagery of scenery that grew alarming in the extreme. Their party consisted now of some eight persons. They had been joined at Arizona City by a man named Lacy, with his wife and sister, who were on their way to St. Thomas, a small town at the junction of the Muddy and Virgin Rivers.

There was one person whose presence somehow seemed at times to throw a damper upon the whole party, though he talked a good deal and often seemed to exert himself to entertain his companions with startling anecdotes of their surroundings with which he appeared to be perfectly familiar. His occasional attentions seemed especially to effect Iola Dare, and she was often seen to tremble very violently when she would look up and find his dark eyes fastened intently upon her.

This was Ned Scott, as he had introduced himself, the man with the disagreeable red whiskers, who had attached himself to the party soon after they had started on their journey; and, whenever it was possible seemed to make a point of placing himself so near to Castleton and Iola that he could overhear every word of their conversation without appearing to listen.

This had become a source of so much annoyance to young Vane that he had been frequently tempted to speak to the individual in question in no very amiable mood; and would inevitably have done so had he not been restrained by a warning glance from Iola, who seemed somehow to have been filled with such a nameless dread of their traveling companion that she would appeal to him in mute agony to be silent.

It was accordingly with infinite relief to all parties that he announced his intention of taking a final leave of his *compagnons-de-voyage*, at the town of Aubrey—some two hundred miles up the river. And on reaching that point he really bade them adieu, declaring that he had received intelligence which rendered it necessary for him to pursue the rest of his journey by more rapid stages.

Mrs. Grimshaw had been quite sick, and our party were in consequence delayed at Aubrey for several days. Yet it was only a few hours before their departure, when, on going down to the river to secure transportation, Castleton Vane was astonished to find Ned Scott and two other rough, disagreeable-looking men, at that instant embarking up the river in a small open boat.

"Why what can have detained him?" thought Castleton in much surprise. "And he has kept himself so steadily out of sight, all this while, too. Could he have seen at last how annoying his presence had become to Iola? And was it consideration for her feelings which has induced him to forego the evident pleasure which he derived from her presence? If so I owe him a greater debt of gratitude than I had ever thought it possible to do. And, at any rate, I may now wish him *bon voyage* with all my heart.

CHAPTER VI.

LYING IN WAIT.

The boat in which our party was forced to embark, was a rude unfinished barge almost as rough as the barrel in which Regulus, the unflinching Roman was rolled upon the sands of Carthage, by his savage captors. The coarse awning which constituted their only cabin, afforded a very imperfect protection to the women, and Castleton Vane was growing more and more ill at ease.

Iola had observed his anxiety, and with characteristic amiability, had often assumed a cheerfulness which she was far from feeling but this only touched him the more deeply, for watching her as he did he could not fail to discern that her cheeks had grown more pale, and that her step seemed every hour more languid. He had naturally attributed these unfavorable symptoms to exposure to the changes of weather and general fatigue from travel. He had no idea that a secret weight of care was crushing her once buoyant nature to the earth, and that every hour of this journey was to her fraught with the most terrible alarm.

She had been sitting for an hour or more upon a low seat near her cabin door, looking out upon the wild and savage scenery along the shore, with a mournfulness of expression that was really heart rending to any beholder, even less interested than Castleton Vane, when chancing to look up, she caught his glance fastened so earnestly upon her, as he stood near the prow of the boat, that she colored in startled confusion, and made an unsuccessful effort to recover a nonchalent expression of countenance.

Castleton Vane had feared at first to intrude upon her meditations, but now that she had looked up at him and endeavored—lame as the effort was—to smile upon him, he advanced at once to her side, and took the seat beside her.

"You do not know," he said gently, "how painfully you make me feel the responsibility of my position, and worry over my utter impotency, when my wish would be to surround you with every comfort."

"Pray—pray, do not think of me at all," she replied earnestly. "It is I who should grieve over your perils, Mr. Vane. I was born amid the wilds, and have been accustomed to danger from my childhood up. But you were raised in the heart of civilization, and have never been away from its refinements. But for me, you would at this hour have been beyond all probable reach of danger—at least from unscrupulous desperadoes."

"And what motive would 'unscrupulous desperadoes' have for harming me here?" he asked in surprise. "It must necessarily be from the most wanton and causeless villainy, for they would scarcely imagine me taking this direction, if I bore the purse of Fortunatus about with me, unless I were simply going in pursuit or protection of you," and the young man looked earnestly into the pretty face before him, while Iola coloring, fixed her eyes upon the floor before venturing to reply.

"You would not be so insane as to pursue me," she answered with sudden incoherence. "Promise me that you will not, Mr. Vane, no matter what may happen. Though some cruel accident, or wicked design may tear me from your side this day—to-night—to-morrow, or at any time, promise me that you will not throw away your life in attempting to rescue me—that you will leave me to my fate?"

"Miss Dare!—Iola!" cried Vane passionately.

"Hush!" she whispered eagerly; "do not breathe my name; do not look at or appear to be interested in me. We are watched."

"Watched!" he repeated indignantly looking around. "Dear Miss Dare, you are feverish—you are ill. Who has a right to object, unless it be yourself, to my thinking of you? Who would dare to watch us?"

He saw that her eyes had been turned for a moment in the direction of a man who sat upon the steersman's bench, vigorously plying his oar, but the man was gazing intently into the water, seemingly unconscious of everything else about him.

"One would hardly fancy by your assertion that you had been raised amid the perils of border life," said Vane," with a laugh. "You are as timid as any novice who has never before ventured outside of her convent walls in the heart of some great city. The fatigue of this long journey has been too much for you. Did you imagine the man at the helm playing spy upon our actions?"

"Oh, dear Mr. Vane, in Heaven's name be prudent. Take warning and be every instant on your guard. We are surrounded by enemies. Ah! it was cruel in my poor dear uncle to subject a stranger to all these unknown perils. It was iniquitous in me to accept of your protection, knowing what it must entail."

"And what does it entail?" asked Castleton in a voice shaken with passion. "What but the bliss of your society, for which I would brave every danger that earth could offer? Do you think these scheming hardships are anything to me except that you must share them?"

"To me they belong at least by inheritence. But you—ah! why will you speak to me thus."

"Shall I tell you?" he answered bending over her.

"No!—no! I command you to be silent. I beg you to leave me to my own bitter thoughts."

"I obey your command," he answered. "But to your entreaty I must at least be deaf until I can leave you in a more pleasant frame of mind. I am afraid that I have been unfairly disposed to measure your strength by my own, and that consequently I have been pursuing the journey with too little interruption. I shall take care that you have proper rest at Fort Mohave and at Hardyville."

"No, no," answered Iola in a low agitated tone. "Surround me with every luxury,—every incentive to rest, and I shall still never know one hour of uninterrupted repose until we reach our journey's end, and I feel that you are in a measure protected from the dangers to which my unhappy position has exposed you."

"Of what dangers do you speak?" asked Castleton anxiously. "You constrain me to believe, Miss Dare, that there is something upon your mind which you are either unwilling or afraid to confide to me, for I have reason to know that you have more than ordinary woman's strength of brain and nerve. I cannot think that any idle or chimerical delusion would move you thus. Would you not feel greater comfort as well as greater safety by confiding in me? or do you despise me too much?"

"Would to Heaven that I did," she murmured passionately, and the next instant she had torn herself resolutely from him, and shut herself up in her little cabin where, throwing herself upon her hard bed, she indulged in a violent fit of weeping, despite the efforts of her kind but uncongenial companions who did everything in their power to comfort her.

"It do look orful wild about here, and that is a fact," objurgated Mrs. Yates. "It looks like the very den of all these 'border ruffyans' we read about, or a place where one might look every moment to hear an Injun warwhoop and see their tomahawk gleamin' above you, and I for one wishes I was back in the good old settlements. If I wus an' knowed what I know now, 'twould take a big pile of money sure to get me back here."

But so far from administering comfort as she had intended, this seemed only to increase Iola's troubles, for she began to wring her hands and to sob aloud.

"Ah!" she cried, "what an unfortunate being I am. I shall be the means of bringing destruction upon all whom I love most, but for me they would never have been in this perilous situation. I feel already as though I were guilty of murder."

"Tut, tut!" said Mrs. Grimshaw kindly, "it is rough enough, and that is a truth, as the Irish beggar said, when he sowed up a rent in his pantaloons with a grape vine. But we can't lie on beds of down all our lives, and as for the danger, I don't see that there is as much as we used to have at sea, and you were usually quiet then, my young lady. The boatmen say that persons passes along here about every week, and that we'll get through all safe."

"God grant it!" cried Iola fervently, "but my mind is filled with the darkest forebodings, and I cannot shake them off."

"You must sleep," said Mrs. Grimshaw, kindly brushing back the pretty rippling hair, "and then you will feel better."

In the meantime Castleton Vane had been anxiously pacing to and fro in the outer cabin.

"What can it be that has depressed her so greatly," he murmured. "I must still believe that it proceeds from some secret cause which she is afraid for some reason to reveal to me. Ah, how rejoiced I shall be when her mind can be relieved of all these gloomy apprehensions and I can see her quietly domesticated in her uncle's home. But shall I give her up then? Is she—is she as indifferent to me as she would sometimes fain have me believe. Ah, God grant that the sweet hope which now animates my bosom, of one day obtaining her love, may not be doomed to disappointment, for if it be I shall never find true happiness elsewhere, let my life be what it will."

He had sauntered up by chance to the seat still occupied by the man at whom Iola appeared to glance with uneasiness and mistrust, and pausing looked down at the rough hirsute hands as they plied the oars. The dark moody face still seemed to be intent upon the water.

"You joined us at Aubrey, I think, my good fellow," said Castleton, after he had waited a moment in the expectation that he would look up.

The man turned his head slightly with a start, but his gaze was till averted.

"You joined *me* at Aubrey, you mean," he said gruffly.

"Ah! well I suppose that was the way of it, as you seem to be chief director here. When will we reach Mohave?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Not earlier?"

"I said to-morrow morning!"

"Well, my friend, we need not lose our temper."

"If temper were all that is to be lost on this trip, it will be a worse one than we have taken in a long while," answered the man with a hoarse laugh.

"Did you mean a better one?" asked Vane interested.

"You can have it your own way—I said a worse."

"I do not understand you unless your navigation works on opposite principles to that of the generality of the world. Do losses count a gain with you here?"

"Sometimes they do everywhere."

"I may be dull, friend, but I must confess myself slow at reading your riddle," answered Vane.

"It strikes me that you are fast enough in calling people your friends that you don't know," replied the fellow, with a wicked leer. "Do *you* always find *that* profitable?"

"At least, politeness seldom costs anything," answered Castleton, pointedly.

"A waste of breath, anyhow, traveler."

"On such boors as you are," muttered Vane, turning and striding away a few paces. "This is an ill-favored clown." The man had turned and looked up at him once with an ugly light in his small eyes that had sent a nameless chill through the young man's blood, courageous as he was, and he looked back at him with a feeling of absolute repugnance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SECOND DANIEL BOONE.

An original character, "Abe Richey," recently spent a few days in Virginia City, Nevada. He is a second Daniel Boone. His clothing is wholly of furs, secured and prepared for himself. His coat, for instance is of many colors. The main part was furnished by ground hogs. The collar is the skin of a mountain cat. The cuffs are mountain coyote skins, the fur of which is very long and fine, and differs materially from that of the coyote of the plains or bottoms. His vest is fawn skin, trimmed with fisher's fur. His pants are from the bodies of fawns of an older growth, or young deers' skins. His mocrasins only are of foreign make, being of moose hide. The skins are all tanned with the fur on, and unplucked. His cap is made of silver fox skin, trimmed with fisher's fur. With this clothing on he lies down in the snow and sleeps in the coldest weather without a fire in perfect security and perfect comfort. For seventeen years he has dwelt in the Sierras, and subsisted chiefly by hunting and fishing.

HISTORY OF A PICTURE.

Two of the most celebrated artists the world has ever known dwelt in the same city. One delighted in delineating beauty in all its grace of tint, form, and motion. His portraits were instinct with the charm of physical vigor. The graceful, half-voluptuous, outline of form and feature harmonized with delicately blended tints. On his canvas, the homeliest faces had an almost irresistible charm. The other found pleasure only in depicting weird and gloomy subjects. Above all, did he excel in painting the portraits of the dying. The agonizing death-throe, the ghastly face and form, were all depicted with marvelous fidelity. There existed between these artists the most intense dislike. At length this dislike culminated. The beauty-loving artist had been engaged in painting the portrait of a beautiful woman. Connoisseurs pronounced it the most wonderful piece of art that had ever been produced. His brother artist was jealous of his fame and sought revenge. By bribing the keeper of the studio he gained access to the picture each night. At first he was content to only deaden the brilliancy of the complexion and eyes, efface the bloom from cheek and lip and paint a shadow on either cheek. Later, his strokes grew bolder and freer, and one morning the artist awoke to find the entire outline of the portrait changed. He could scarcely recognize in the emaciated form and haggard countenance the glowing conception he had embodied. The pallid face and expressionless eyes he had attributed to a lack of genuineness in his materials; but when the outlines were changed he suspected the cause and indignantly dismissed the keeper. What the revengeful artist marred by a few rapid strokes of his skillful brush was only restored by years of patient industry. Reader, need we name the artists.—Health, who paints the flowers and "grassy carpets" no less than the human form divine—Disease, the dreaded artist who revels among the ruins of both nature and humanity—and Carelessness, the keeper to whom Health often intrusts his portraits. And is it not the beauty of woman, the most admired of all the works which adorn the studio of Health, that Disease oftenest seeks to mar? The slightest stroke of his brush upon the delicate organization leaves an imprint that requires much skill and patience to efface. Restoration must be prompt. Carelessness must be dismissed. Let suffering women heed the warning ere Disease has marred their chief beauty — Health—beyond reparation. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been used by thousands of these sufferers, and they are unanimous in their praise of its excellence. If you would be transformed from the pallid, nervous invalid into a happy, vigorous woman, try it.

"EQUAL TO EITHER FORTUNE."

"Equal to either fortune!" This should be
The motto of the perfect man and true—
Striving to stem the billow fearlessly,
And keeping steadily the right in view,
Whether it be his lot in life to sail
Before an adverse or a prosperous gale.

Man fearlessly his voice for truth should raise,
When truth would force its way in deed or word;
Whether for him the popular voice of praise,
Or the cold sneer of unbelief is heard;
Like the First Martyr, when his voice arose
Distinct above the hisses of his foes.

"Equal to either fortune," Heaven designs,
Whether his destiny be repose or toil—
Whether the sun upon his palace shines,
Or calls him forth to plant the furrowed soil;
So shall he find life's blessings freely strewn
Around the peasant's cottage as the throne.

Man should dare all things which he knows are right,
And fear to do no act save what is wrong;
But, guided safely by his inward light,
And with a permanent belief, and strong,
In Him who is our Father and our friend,
He should walk steadfastly unto the end.

Ready to live or die, even in that day
Which man from childhood has been taught to fear,
When, putting off its cumbrous weight of clay,
The spirit enters on a nobler sphere;
And he will be, whose life was rightly passed,
"Equal to either fortune" at the last.

Concerning that Cask of Amontillado.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

BY CHARLES LEON GUMPERT.

Some days ago, happening to turn over the leaves of an old book of stories, which I chanced to see on a friend's table, I was astounded to behold my name made mention of in a very peculiar manner. The case stands thus: Some historian, wise in his own conceit, actually delineates me as behaving in a very foolish and idiotic fashion, in a certain story, called, "The Cask of Amontillado."

Whoever the author of this atrocious libel is, he deserves the contempt of every truth-loving individual. I intend, in this paper to set forth the facts of the narrative truthfully, and trust that the patient reader will pardon my digressions. I am by birth an Italian, but possess an excellent English education. I am somewhat in years at present; I am too feeble to write with any coherency; but my daughter transcribes these words faithfully instead, as I dictate.

As for the villian Montressor, who boasted of having walled me alive in a cellar in Fuschia, I am rejoiced to know that he suffered the death penalty at Palermo, for the theft of an Englishman's valise; at least, so says the *Patrie*. I hope and pray the news is true. I am, in that case, more than revenged.

Howsoever cloudy my wits may be at present respecting other affairs of my life, the adventure in the vault seems as vivid as though but of yesterday. I have no need to ransack the chambers of memory for the long hidden facts. They rise at my bidding less like ghosts than realities, reappearing and every way as fearful as on that terrible, terrible day. I probably have not long to live. Justice compels that I assert myself. My enemy who seduced me into the vault, will ever be notorious. The children of my children's children will learn to loathe his detested name and abhor the deeds in which he gloried. Yet shall it never be told posterity that I—I, Fortunato, was the willing imbecile victim of the dastardly Count Montressor.

Let the truth be told, and told once and forever more. Montressor was in every respect my enemy. He was ambitious, cold hearted, selfish and envious. This last miserable vice of envy was his glaring fault. It's the old story why we quarreled. We both happened to love the same woman. The lady Emelia, a wealthy young widow, who at that time possessed all the beauty, wit, and wisdom, and in fact all the attributes of Venus and Minerva, favored my suit. This was in sweet, misty love-days of long ago, nearly a four score of years past. The lady Emelia married subsequently a snub-nosed Roman, and died thirty years ago, which destroys all the romance, but *n'importe*. Montressor was completely transformed through the scorn of the lady Emelia. His Italian blood became white hot in his veins. Never for a moment, however, would he forget the politesse, the cultured instinct of the genteel personage of that fashionable epoch. He bowed, smiled, and passed compliments as though nothing had happened between us. Emelia, beautiful witch, beheld our rivalry and smiled behind her dainty-painted fan. We were both her victims. Let no one doubt that I could read Montressor. I saw the devil in his eye; in his mechanical cold smile, in the nerveless shake of the hand and in the deliberate, demoniac tone of his voice in conversation. I knew my man and kept on my guard. I suffered myself to lose no vigilance. I understood perfectly the nature of my black-eyed, fiery, Italian brethern. As quick as thought Montressor might have thrust me suddenly into the canal, as we walked the pier, or better still, might have dropped poison into the dessert at supper. I was wide awake—alive. I kept apparently friendly with him and talked familiarly. I even went so far as to flatter him occasionally, praising the roguish twinkle in his eye, or the becoming color of his cloak.

Keeping him in humor thus and warily watching my treacherous companion, I made love to lady Emelia, and kept her good favor until the time of the carnival; when I was surprised to discover that she had accepted me as her escort. I recollect, oh, so vividly, the discomfiture of the villian Montressor, when he beheld the lady Emelia, leaning on my arm, ascending the balustrade of the Palazzo, from the ball-room. His face hitherto crimson, with chronic tippling, was on that night white, white as the marble Venus near which he leaned. He smiled coldly at us as we passed through the gay throng. Then I saw him disappear suddenly. The next morning he rushed to tell me of a cask of real Amontillado, which he said he had discovered in the cellar. As I was a perfect judge of wines, I laughed inwardly to hear this cunning dog talk to me of his possession of my favorite brand of Spanish wine. I guessed at first his intentions; though I did not fully anticipate him. I said to myself: "This fellow is anxious to get me to taste his Amontillado with death in it! What is so easy as quietly to drop a globule of concentrated deadliness, so to speak, into the goblet?" Yet I laughed at the slyness of my friend.

You must know Amontillado is a precious wine. I doubted the rascal from the first, yet determined to give him a chance. "Where is it?" asked I, jocularly.

"Come with me!" said he, with a sparkle in his eye, I could easily interpret. "Come, and let us look at the treasure." So saying, he tugged at my pointed clown's skirt, for I was in carnival disguise, and resumed:

"Why so pensive? You are sad? Your eyes are heavy! Too much wine or what? How now, Fortunato?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, starting from my reverie; though in truth I determined at his mention of "too much wine," to feign inebriation for my purpose, in order to watch the villian and discover the meaning of his movements. I answered huskily:

"Lucky—that's what you are! Lucky!"

"Because of the wine? ha! ha! come!"

He pulled me fiercely and I jingled all over with the little bells' noises. My fool's cap was trimmed with bells!

"Where — do — you — take — me — Mon—Mon—tresor?" I asked stutteringly. "I must not lose my promenade with the—the—lady—Emelia—then there's the dance—where do we go?"

He answered nothing, made a quick gesture with his shoulder and I followed mechanically. Then he thrust his arm through mine and, laughing as he did so, took a torch from a niche of the wall and striking a match, lighted it. Then he whispered in my ear:

"Where do you think we shall find it?"

"What?" I asked.

"The Amontillado!" said he with a grin.

"Hang me if I know!" I returned. Then I began to sing wildly some verses of a love song, but he interrupted me; pinched my arm and whispered:

"Where do you think we are going?"

"I'm blessed if I know."

"To the vaults!"

I instinctively shuddered, although I felt sure of my man and imagined myself well guarded. I had taken my poniard and rapier, and, moreover, had not forgotten to put in my bosom a pistolet, loaded with slugs. Nevertheless it runs in our Italian blood to chill and creep when we think of underground places, vaults and catacombs. I was superstitious. I began to think I was afraid. Yet I assumed a show of courage and sang:

"Oh! a merry, mery time, is Carnival time,
When our loves are happy, and our hearts all in chime!"

"You tremble, Fortunato," said he with a hypocritical smile; "you are cold! The atmosphere is damp as we descend! See how the moisture beads the rock! You are shivering!"

"Not so! Not so! Amontillado!"

Down we went. Narrower and narrower became the way. The jagged rocks of the walls even intruding as we entered the long, damp, dismal cavern. Yet no signs of wine, wine-casks or bottles. I had imagined as much. I was wide awake, cold, fresh, slightly revengeful in feeling. I could have pricked this villian then and there in a moment and felt better at heart. Suddenly we brought up at a wall. A blank, low, moisture-oozing wall, mossy and brown, over which the snail-tracks glistened in the torch light.

"Good chap! where is it? Where is the wine?" I cried.

Montressor, without deigning to reply, thrust the torch into a crevice in the wall and buried himself among a pile of rubbish in a damp corner. In order not to seem too vigilant, I suddenly threw up my arms and gave vent to a piercing yell, which made my blood curdle to hear echoed and re-echoed along the walls of the cavern. Then I fell prone on a pile of bones and skulls and debris of all sorts, and lay as though dead drunk. Montressor was in no way affected. He merely raised his head and chuckled diabolically. Then, to my horror, I saw that he had taken from a pocket of his garment a mason's trowel and had uncovered a pile of fresh cement or building mortar. Instantly he turned toward the wall and soon loosened a large stone of the structure. Beyond this breach I saw that there was a small, closet-like crevice—dark, dismal and ghastly. I forgot myself; I groaned aloud.

"Fortunato, my fine fellow, you're sick! Look at the treasure!"

"Where? Where? What?" I gasped with feigned surprise.

"Yonder!" and he pointed to the niche.

I crept forward and placed my head in the cavern. Then I walked boldly inside and felt around the walls. I found that I could stand upright in this stone closet. Of a sudden I was stupefied with horror to behold Montressor, the fiend, roll back the stone and fasten me partially inside; then, with devilish industry, spread the cement upon the stone with his trowel. I stifled my outburst of rage and horror. I watched the devil at his work. I felt for my poniard—terrible to relate—I had forgotten both it and the rapier, although I had imagined that they were still in my possession.

The loaded pistolet was in my bosom; I drew it forth and aimed it at the head of the cursed Montressor. He shielded himself behind a rampart of stone, and under its cover pushed into its place the block of granite. I saw I was caged and foiled. Desperately I thrust the useless weapon into my belt. It began to grow dark in the cell. I besought Montressor to release me. The wretch mocked me. He sang aloud—

"Oh! a merry, merry time is Carnival time,
When our loves are happy, and our hearts all in chime."

Then he slid the last stone into its place and I was walled up in the cell.

"Montressor!" I screamed. "Montressor! For God's sake!"

There was no reply.

"Hear me, Montressor! Good fellow!"

I stopped and listened. He was chuckling to himself. He was laughing and clapping his hands. "Requiescant in pace!" he said. Then his voice grew fainter, and I heard a distant yell or scream and no further sound disturbed me for a time.

There was evidently no time to lose. Escape I must, for I had important engagements for the evening. The thoughts of the brilliant ball—the music, and above all, of the sweet lady Emelia, drove me frantic. Suddenly it seemed to me that I saw a faint glimmer of light. I crept along, through the damp passage and to my joy discovered a small outlet, a space seemingly large enough to admit a man's body; with much squeezing and disregard of soiling garments I rushed to this opening and attempted to climb through into daylight. I saw clear sunshine through the aperture. I heard the welcome voices of upper earth—the laughter of throngs in the street, the prattle of women. Yes, I saw the red rays of sunset fall faintly outside. I breathed odors of flowers from the Palazzo garden. Half distracted, I forced my head and shoulder through and exultingly attempted to climb outside. In vain!

The aperture was by no means so accommodating as I had fancied. I could not, with all my frantic endeavors, so much as squeeze my arms into the unyielding orifice.

Impetuously I struggled to make an exit. Baffled at length, weak, weary and almost desparing, I relinquished the hope I had summoned of escaping by means of the orifice. I groped my way back to the narrow cell. While I stood leaning on the wet rock, cursing my fate and the indolent weakness which prevented me from killing my enemy when I had the opportunity; I was suddenly inspired with a new idea. Make my escape as I made my entrance! Why not? It was both simple and feasible in theory. The mortar was still wet, the stone might be pushed away. Acting under this idea, I planted myself firmly against the back walls of the cell, and using both my feet as levers, I found to my delight that the masonry yielded, and soon afterwards the middle stone tumbled outwards. Cautiously I crept out of my foul prison and emerged into the night, the utter hopeless, blackness of the vaults. I had a hope that I could find my way out easily enough. The passage did not seem to me upon entering to have been very long. I crawled forward slowly and with great care, feeling my way with my hands, and trembling with a wretched ague of fear and cold. As I groped through the cavern I would occasionally, by way of variety, stumble into a puddle of ice-cold water, or bump my head against some projecting rock.

Proceeding at length with more ease and with much more hope and courage, I suddenly felt myself seized violently by the top of my clown's cap; as though with the grasp of a hand. Horror-stricken, I forgot caution, and muttered: "Montressor! coward!" But there was no reply. I struggled and struck out my fists in every direction; yet I could not reach my antagonist. The clutch upon my head did not relax.

Then I bethought me of my loaded pistolet. Drawing it from my belt, where I had last placed it, I fired it above me in no particular direction. The noise of the firearm seemed to me to be deafening. After it had subsided, I felt the whirr and rustle of wings. Courage resumed its sway. I presumed my malefactor to be none other than a disturbed and irritable bat. Judging from the fluttering and mouse-like squeaks, I had without doubt wounded the thing. I crept forward more slowly than ever, and cautiously. I had not proceeded a dozen paces when I touched what appeared to be a human body. For an instant I was petrified with extreme terror, yet so desperately intent upon escape was I, that I controlled my superstitious fears and assumed some show of boldness. Upon touching the legs of the body I found it warm. I moreover discovered by my touch that the leg was encased in the metallic covering of armor. I recollected that Montressor wore such as his carnival disguise; I presumed this to be his body. I was not sufficiently clear-headed at that moment to solve the mystery. I had presence of mind to secure the carved poniard he wore in his belt, and to satisfy myself that my enemy was unarmed and powerless. He seemed to have fallen in a swoon. My theory is, that in retracing his steps, his torch became extinguished, and in the terror of the moment he stumbled and swooned.

This accounts for the fearful cry I heard.

Revenge began to shape itself indistinctly. I could have slain this miserable man so easily then and there. Yet I forbore. I resumed my weary journeying; I crawled forward with more of pain, less of the exhiliration with which I had set out. I was heartsick, foot-sore, cold, hungry, and willingly would have cast myself down to fall asleep in that terrible place; aye, even to sleep the sleep of death.

I was upon the point of sinking in despair when I perceived a faint glimmer of light in the distance. I was approaching the entrance.

Buoyed up with hope, I now raised myself upon my feet and walked with quicker pace towards the welcome light; I reached the stone stairs; I ascended and emerged once more into blessed atmosphere. I fell upon my knees at the door of the corridor, in front of the Virgin's picture, and poured forth a prayer of gratitude. The light I had seen gleaming through the chink at the entrance was that of lamp-light. When I emerged it was night. The Palazzo was illuminated; I heard the music of the orchestra in the hall. The corridors were alive with gaudy apparaled dames and chevaliers. I wrapped my *roquelaire* about my spattered costume, and stole quietly to my chamber.

Therein ensconced, I sent for a page and transmitted to the lady Emelia a full account of my adventure. I then threw myself on my couch and sank into troubled and terrible dreams.

The next morning after breakfast I beheld to my utter consternation, from the casement of my chamber, the figure of the scoundrel Montressor, my enemy. How he had effected his escape to me remains a marvel. When I saw him, he was limping through the garden walk, dejected in mien and disordered in dress. I lost no time in preparing a scheme I had in view, and which I made known without delay to the lovely Emelia.

There was to be a festival at eight o'clock—a masquerade ball and concert in the lower hall of the Palazzo. It was understood by the lady Emelia, that I should accompany her, in the character of a knight-errant, with the visor of my helmet down.

The festival that memorable evening was one of the most splendid I have ever beheld. Never was there a more brilliant assembly of gayly dressed and beauteous ladies and gallant gentleman. At nine o'clock I escorted the lady Emelia into the crowded hall. The orchestra commenced a minuet. Lo! Wonderful to relate, here, in his wonted carnival disguise, was the Count Montressor, dancing furiously and satyr-like with the youthful bacchantess.

Lady Emelia and myself both recognized the malefactor.

Although he was masked most cunningly, I detected my enemy by the manner of his walk and the peculiar swing of his arm. After the music ceased my beautiful companion whispered some words in my ear, and we both promenaded around the gorgeous ball-room, which was redolent of flowery incense and scintillating with the glories of a thousand chandeliers. We had turned suddenly, and there before us stood the Count.

My lady approached the fellow, and in a disguised voice said: "Signor Activity! Can you point me out the young Fortunato?"

Montressor, standing a moment earnestly regarding my companion and myself, answered:

"If Signorino desires to know the whereabouts of the fair boy Fortunato, I can answer her only by saying that I saw him meandering the garden walk yester eve, with a trio of fascinating damsels! He is in good hands, Signorino!"

"Thanks, Sir Sprightly, or what's your name. By-the-by, pray tell me where is our good Count Montressor? We have missed him long!"

I saw Montressor start slightly.

He responded: "I saw him but a few moments ago, fair Signorino!" Then he turned on his heel, and was about to abandon us, when Lady Emelia touched him on the shoulder with her gloved hand, saying as she did so:

"Montressor!"

The Count stopped suddenly—forgot his cunning and his disguise, and turned his head.

"Ah! I was right then," resumed the Lady.

"Signorino, you are right, but you are impertinent! Adieu!"

"Stay! Who do you think has given this *fete*?"

"The Lady Emelia, the beautiful Emelia, and may the blessed saints——"

"Tut, tut, look! Behold the Lady Emelia!"

Here she unmasked. Montressor stood unmoved, then he spoke in his usual cold-blooded tone.

"Well!"

"Stay!" Here she made a motion to me, and I approached.

"This is——" Pushing up the visor of my helmet, I said deliberately, "The boy Fortunato, walled alive by the Count Montressor."

The Count tore off his mask. I shall never forget his face of agony. He became suddenly pale, then white, then livid as a corpse two days old. Then he uttered a moan and dropped—dropped a dead weight on the marble floor of that splendid hall. I was aware of a commotion. There was a pause in the dancing. He was borne off by attendants and I saw him no more. The careless orchestra thrilled the air with the ecstatic music of the waltz. We left the whirl of the dancing-hall and meandered the garden, where we spent the evening in commenting on what had happened.

The Lady Emelia never appeared so lovely as on that evening.

This, in as few words as possible, is the history of my adventure with Montressor. I am glad to hear that he was hanged by the brigands and thus met his punishment. As for the author of the narrative called the "Cask of Amontillado," it is my private opinion that he is a clever humbug, and to him I may say with all the good nature at my command, that which he said to me, "*Requiescat in Pace.*"

LION TRAINERS.

The craving for excitement which shows itself in so many grades of society, and under such manifold forms—some innocent and some vicious—is strikingly displayed in connection with exhibitions of wild beasts. There is eagerness to see them because the animals are savage and dangerous in native forests and jungles; eagerness to know how far they can be tamed when caged; still more eagerness to watch the perilous exploits of those performers who assume the majestic designations of lion kings and queens.

An English writer, who has evidently given the subject much attention, has recently published a highly entertaining article on the lion-tamers of Great Britain and the system employed by them for subjugating the monarchs of the jungle, together with anecdotes of their varied and sometimes dangerous experiences. We extract from this article the following particulars:

The training of wild beasts for exhibition purposes is an art requiring much patience and discretion to insure success. The trainer commences by feeding the animal from the outside of the den or cage; then ventures to enter, keeping his face steadily towards the animal, and avoiding any violence. Rough usage is abstained from as much as possible, as it rouses the "dormant demon" in the creature. Lions like tickling and stroking, and may be tickled into submission when they could not be compelled. An old trainer once said: "To get a lion to lie down and allow the trainer to stand on him, is difficult. It is done by tickling the beast over the back with a small whip, and at the same time pressing him down with one hand. By raising his head, and taking hold of the nostril with the right hand, and the under lip and lower jaw with the left, the lion by this pressure loses greatly the power of his jaws; so that the man can pull them open, and put his head inside the beast's mouth. The danger is, lest the animal should raise one of his forepaws and stick his claws in the venturesome trainer. If he does, the man must stand fast for his life until he has shifted the paw."

About sixty years ago, when Ballard's Menagerie was halting on the road one night near Salisbury, a lioness escaped from one of the caravans, and before she could be recaptured, attacked and tore one of the horses of the Exeter mail; but she was recaptured nevertheless, by the coolness and daring of the keepers. Soon after this, Ducrow, the accomplished equestrian, engaged Atkins's lion, tigress, and hybrid cubs as an additional attraction to his circus. This achievement of rearing the progeny of a lion and tigress was much talked of at the time. The novel family were exhibited before royalty at Windsor Castle, and then at Bartholomew Fair; where a keeper lay down in the den, with the lion on one side, the tigress on the other, and the cubs disporting near him, ending by lying on the man. The next excitement of the kind, which from its cruelty could not be endured now-a-days, was connected with the once renowned *Nero* and *Wallace*. Wombwell advertised, when his menagerie was at Warwick, a combat between his lion Nero and six bull-dogs. It was a poor tame affair, for none of the animals showed any desire for the encounter. A second attempt, with Wallace, gave rise to more of that morbid excitement for which such exhibitions are got up; the lion killed or disabled all the dogs, the last of which he carried about in his mouth as a rat is by a terrier or a cat. The affair brought money for a time, and then gave place to other sensational exhibitions. A trainer and performer known as "Manchester Jack," was wont, at Bartholomew Fair, to take visitors with him into Nero's cage; many persons invested sixpence each in this risky adventure; but the poor beast had his native spirit so quelled that the danger was perhaps not much after all. This Manchester Jack was rather a notable fellow in his profession; he trained Wombwell's lions to suffer him to sit upon them, keep their mouths wide open, etc. The newspapers more than once announced his death as a victim of some savage animal; but he belied them all, and died quietly in his bed as a taverner—notwithstanding that he had been credited by one paragraphist with having his head bitten off by a lion.

The historically famous "Lions in the Tower" gradually ceased to be a source of wonderment when Zoological Gardens became familiar; and the collection was dispersed about forty years ago. It had been a custom in the old times to name the Tower lions after the reigning sovereigns of Europe; and indeed the lion has generally been regarded as a royal beast. Lord Mahon, in his History of England, quotes a passage from the Earl of Chesterfield, tending to show that there was a bit of superstition mixed up with this matter. Under date 1758 the Earl wrote: "It was generally thought His Majesty would have died, and for a very good reason; the oldest lion in the Tower, near about the king's age, died about a fortnight ago." But the king outwitted the lion, by living two years longer.

A printer of ballads, not many years back, tried to make a little money by a smart bit of April Fooling. Knowing that many country people are still ignorant of the fact that the lions have long been removed from the Tower, he printed penny tickets purporting to admit the holder to witness the annual ceremony of washing the lions in the Tower on the first of April, how many ninnies were taken in by the trick, the record does not say.

Van Amburgh, the most renowned, perhaps, of all the lion kings, came to England a year or two before the beginning of the reign of her present Majesty. He was a native of Holland, well-formed and handsome; and his collection of trained lions, tigers, etc., drew immense numbers of spectators. Van Amburgh's cool daring was remarkable; and when Edwin (afterwards Sir Edwin) Landseer exhibited at the Royal Academy his picture of the lion-king in the midst of trained quadrupedal pupils, the excitement spread to a class of society above that which is usually supposed to be weak on such points.

Van Amburgh's career in England continued on and off for some years. One of his exhibitions included a black tiger, a color rarely met with in that animal; and a sort of drama was got up in which the lion-king personated Moroff, a brute-tamer. Among the bits of gossip which cannot be well traced to an authentic source, is one to the effect that the Duke of Wellington (who is known to have had a liking for the performances of Van Amburgh) once asked him whether he was ever afraid, to which the brute-tamer replied:

"The first time I am afraid, your Grace, or I fancy that my pupils are no longer afraid of me, I will give up."

Van Amburgh was killed more than once by the newspapers, as "Manchester Jack" had been; but Mr. Frost (whose curious volume, *The Old Showmen*, is a veritable storehouse of gossip on these subjects) states that the hero retired with a competency, and lived till a recent date.

About the time of Van Amburgh the visitors at a country fair were invited to witness a man-and-tiger fight; but by all accounts it was a poor tame affair—it being somewhat doubtful whether the quadruped really was a tiger. Almost in the same year too, a bit of sensationalism was got up in the form of a spectacle, in which a Greek captive was thrown into an arena to be devoured by wild beasts, with (of course) the due accompaniment of terror and agony. Carter, the lion-king, who was little, if anything, behind Van Amburgh in coolness, daring, and presence of mind, played in a drama as a lion-tamer, drove a pair of lions in harness, and maintained a "desperate combat" with a tiger.

Directly it was found that the public were willing to pay for admission to displays of this kind, menagerie-keepers and circus-proprietors sought about for lion-kings wherever they could find them; and as a demand usually creates a supply, so was it in this instance; heroes sprang up in various obscure corners, each tempted by the high salary offered. A solatium of ten or fifteen pounds a week is no trifle to a man in a humble station.

Crockett, who had been a bandsman at Sanger's Circus, won fame at Astley's Amphitheatre, not only by his performance before the public, but by an exercise of great courage at a perilous moment. One night the lions got loose. Crockett, to whose lodgings a messenger was quickly dispatched, came and hastened into the arena. The lions were roaming about the auditorium, and had just killed one of the grooms. Crockett went amongst them, and with only a switch in his hand drove or enticed them into their cage without receiving a scratch. The rumor of this bold and successful achievement brought him offers of an augmentation of salary.

Just about a quarter of a century ago the proprietor of Manders's Menagerie wanted a lion-king to increase the attractiveness of his exhibition. A gingerbread stall-keeper offered; but proved to be not worth his salt, and the manager was disappointed in his hope of eclipsing a rival exhibition. One day a black sailor came to him and asked for employment as a brute-tamer; he was accepted; and soon afterwards the visitors at Greenwich Fair were invited to witness the heroic deeds of Macomo, the African lion-king. Macomo (whatever may have been his real name) appears to have been a daring fellow, well-adapted for the work he undertook. On one occasion an unusually savage tiger, newly purchased, was put into a cage already tenanted by another tiger. The animals began to fight furiously. Macomo, armed only with a small riding-whip, entered the cage; both tigers turned fiercely upon him and lacerated him severely; but (covered with blood as he was) he continued to whip them into submission. Not for one instant did he keep his eyes off them, and they knew it.

Macomo had other narrow escapes; but like most of the lion-kings, he died quietly in his bed at last. Not so Macartney, an Irishman, whose habits were not sufficiently temperate for this kind of work. He often turned his back on the animals, and was lacerated by them more than once. At length, when exhibiting at Bolton about fifteen years ago, he attempted to imitate Macomo's lion-hunt. He chased several lions around a large cage; one sprang at him, seized him by the right hip, and dragged him to the ground; then the others joined in the attack. The unfortunate man endeavored to beat them off with a sword, but lost his life in the attempt.

These exhibitions have varied in some of their characteristics from time to time. In one instance hyenas and tigers were trained as performing animals—a feat not often ventured upon, as these animals are less to be trusted than the lion. After the death of Wombwell, his extensive menagerie was divided into three sections—each of which claimed of course, to be the real successor to the original. One section gloried in a lion-king known as *Lorenzo*. A drama was got up, with *Lorenzo* and a lion as the performers, representing the classical story of Androcles. We all know the story. A Greek slave, flying from the cruel tyranny of his Roman master, plunged into a forest; he encountered a lion who was pained by a thorn in his foot. Androcles extracted the thorn, and won the animal's gratitude. Being recaptured, Androcles was condemned to be torn to pieces by a lion. The veritable lion which he had befriended happened to be the one caught and brought to the amphitheatre for this dread purpose. The lion knew Androcles instantly, came up to him, licked his hand, and showed unmistakable signs of satisfaction. This bit of classicality was in a humble way imitated by *Lorenzo* and the menagerie.

A lion-keeper, not a lion-king, was killed at Astley's some fifteen or sixteen years ago. A lion that had been honored with the name of *Havelock* one night wrenched off the bars of his cage, and with three others escaped into the arena. Havelock sprang at the unfortunate keeper, and killed him instantly.

It is one feature in exciting exhibitions that if men are attractive when placing themselves in much peril, the so-called pleasure is enhanced when women are the possible victims. As it is in trapeze and acrobatic performances, so it is in those connected with the exhibition of wild or semi-wild animals.

It is among the gossip of the theatres that one visitor attended night after night, in order that he might not be absent when Van Amburgh's head was bitten off (as many expected it would be) by a lion; and so the idea that something fatal might happen to one of the gentler sex lends an additionally unhealthy interest to the scenes we are now considering. As soon as lion-king exhibitions were found to be profitable, the proprietor of Hilton's Menagerie bethought him of bringing forward his neice as a lion-queen; he paid her well, the public paid him well, and thus an impetus was given to a new kind of speculation. A rival soon appeared at another circus or place of exhibition, and two lion-queens were starring before the public at one time. A third aspirant tried the enterprise once too often. Miss Blight, daughter of a member of Wombwell's band, was one evening in 1850 managing a performance of trained animals at a fair. One of the tigers was sullen and wayward; she incautiously struck him with a whip; the animal sprang at her, seized her by the throat, and put an end to her hapless existence before effective aid could arrive.

The authorities prohibited such exhibitions after this melancholy catastrophe. Yet such is the contagion of ambition and love of a good salary, that other women were willing to offer their services as successor to the poor girl. A very tame lion was at another menagerie taken out of his cage and taught to crouch at the feet of a lady who personated Britannia.

Some of the animals thus exhibited are valuable. When a menagerie was sold by auction at Edinburgh in 1872, the lions brought individually eighty pounds, ninety pound, one hundred and forty pounds, two hundred pounds, and one as much as two hundred and seventy pounds. One of these had performed with Lorenzo in the spectacle of Androcles. The highest-priced lion was purchased for the Bristol Zoological Garden; he was regarded as the largest and finest at that time in England. A magnificent tigress was an object of eager competition; and an unusually fine elephant—very much renowned as a "performing" elephant—brought six hundred pounds. Another menagerie was sold by auction in London more recently; the chief interest centred around two lion-cubs born in the menagrie eighteen months previously; they brought one hundred and fifty pounds.

FASHIONABLE DOLLS.

It is an amusing proceeding to purchase a doll and to note how her ladyship's wants are well supplied. First she must be dressed, and you are called upon to select what style of under-garments you would prefer, whether embroidered, trimmed with lace, or plain, and the tiny articles are produced folded and tied up with blue ribbons in packages of a half a dozen each, exactly as they are in the real-life lingeries. The dresses are charming, all silk or velvet, sometimes trimmed with real lace, and fashioned as stylishly as Worth himself could do.

There are workmen expressly trained for the trade of doll's dressmaker, as it requires a special talent to reduce the fashions of the day into such minature shapes. Then mademoiselle must have her poodle and her prayer book, her writing case with letter and note paper, stamped with her monogram, her work-box, and her jewel-case, her set of furs in a muff box, with some dozen of "practical" gloves, etc., etc. For be it known that she is an accomplished lady, whose gloves can be changed at will, and whose finely jointed fingers are quite capable of holding an eyeglass or a handkerchief, an opera-glass, or an open letter.

She has her library of small volumes just proportioned to her size; she has brushes of real ivory and combs of real tortoise shell, she has tea services of solid silver and shawls of veritable India cashmere, and under the empire she was occasionally known to wear diamonds, and to indulge in tea sets of solid gold. She has dresses, even now, trimmed with real Valenciennes, and she costs a good deal more than any toy ought to.

A Woman of true sense will be always ambitious, not of gaining admiration, but of deserving it.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

How to Get Rid of Rats.—If you are troubled with rats, go to the drug store and get some crude potash and put in their runaways and holes. The potash will stick to their feet, and disliking this, they will try to lick it off, and get their tongues burned in the operation and they will soon leave the premises in disgust.

How to Remove Ink Spots.—If ink has been unfortunately spilled on mahogany, rosewood, or black walnut furniture, put half a dozen drops of spirits of nitre into a spoonful of water and touch the stain with a feather wet in this, as soon as the ink disappears rub the place immediately with a cloth ready wet in cold water or the nitre will leave a white spot very difficult to remove. If after washing off the nitre the ink spot still lingers, make the mixture a little stronger and use the second time, but never forget to wash it off at once.

What a Tasteful Woman Can Do.—A tasteful woman can make a garret beautiful and homelike, and at little cost; for the beauty of home depends more on educated and refined taste than upon mere wealth. If there is no artist in the house, it matters little that there is a large balance at the bank. There is usually no better excuse for a barren house than ignorance and carelessness. A little mechanical skill can make brackets and shelves for the walls. A thoughtful walk to the woods can gather leaves and lichens and ferns for adorning the unpictured rooms. A trifle saved from daily expenses can now and again put a new book upon the table or shelf. The expenditure of a few shillings can convert the plain window into a conservatory. In these and fifty other ways can a plain, bare room be converted into a scene of beauty.

Family Pie Paste.—One coffee-cupful of flour will make the paste for a medium sized pie. Use three-fourths of a cup of shortening to each cup of flour; you may use all butter or part lard if preferred. Take one-third of the shortening, a little salt, and rub well into the flour with the hand, then stir in as little water as possible and form with a spoon into a very stiff paste; put it on a pie board, roll lightly, and spread with one-third of the remaining shortening; sprinkle on a little flour, fold and roll out enough for the under crust. Take the rest of the paste, spread on half the remaining butter, fold and roll as before, repeat the process, roll thin and use it for the upper crusts. Always make a few slits in the centre of the upper crust, to allow the steam to escape. Never put in the filling until you are ready to bake them. A nice pie will be brown, tender and flaky.

Calf's Head.—Let the butcher split the head in halves. Take out the eyes and the snout bone, then lay it in cold water to soak two hours before boiling; take out the brains, and wash them well in several waters, then lay them in cold water. Put the head together, and lay it in a good sized pot, cover it with cold water and throw in a tablespoonful of salt. Let it boil slowly for two or three hours. When it has boiled a little more than an hour, take some of the liquor, about a quart, and put into a stewpan for the gravy; add to this liquor some salt, pepper, a little parsley chopped fine, a tablespoonful of lemon pickle, and put over the fire to boil. Beat up an egg lightly, with two tablespoonsful of flour, then remove carefully the skin from the brains, and beat them up with the egg and flour. When well beaten, thicken the gravy with it, and stew about ten minutes.

Corn Dodgers.—Corn dodgers are a product of the southern plantations. The manipulation of corn meal by the negro cook of Dixie cannot be excelled by the best French masters. It was in Georgia that we first came in contact with the corn dodger and for a cheap way of mixing corn meal it has no superior. Thus take, say, two or more tea-cups full of meal and thoroughly scald it with hot water, then add salt and a small piece of butter. Stir well until the butter is well assimilated. This is all there is to it so far as the material is concerned. No eggs, no sweetening, but just meal, hot water, salt and butter. The whole secret of the corn dodger is in the cooking. Fry on a hot griddle that is well greased, dropping the batter from a spoon; fry slowly to a rich brown and crisp, serve hot and eat with syrup. In the South they are served with meat in the place of potatoes, sometimes as dessert and are hearty, cheap, delicious and healthy. The corn dodger is an American invention of colored extraction. No other nation has it.

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Saturday Evening, April 28, 1877.

A WORD TO OUR PATRONS.

As a general thing, we are content to let the POST speak for itself, and stand squarely on its own merits before its numerous readers, but, just at present, we feel it incumbent upon us to say a few words in behalf of our paper. The POST, as everybody knows, is the oldest literary weekly in the United States, and it has always been the conscientious effort of its proprietors to make it one of the very best. Hence it has invariably maintained an enviable rank in journalism, and won the confidence as well as the esteem of the American reading public.

But, notwithstanding the reputation of the POST for literary excellence, the present publisher, holding that there is always room for improvement in everything, has determined to put forth new efforts in order that the standard of the paper may be rendered still better than it has ever been before. With this view, which will surely have the endorsement of all our patrons, arrangements have been made by which a number of new and able writers have been secured, whose contributions, in every department of literature, will tend to increase the brilliancy and attractiveness of our columns.

As an initial step, we this week begin the publication of a new and fascinating serial by that favorite authoress, Mary E. Woodson, entitled "What Will They do with Him." This story is full of exciting interest, and cannot fail to find hosts of appreciative and admiring readers. We also publish in the present number a translation of one of Henri Murger's best humorous tales, "A Victim of Good Luck," executed for us by Geo. D. Cox, the translator of "Sidonie." Murger was one of the finest story-writers of his day, and none of his productions have ever been given in an English dress before. Besides these attractions, we present a host of short stories and sketches of the most entertaining character, all by first-class writers, prominent among whom are Chas. Leon Gumpert, the well-known Philadelphia *litterateur*, and Uncle George, a popular juvenile story-writer, as well as Chas. Noel, an author of considerable repute.

We also have a number of novelties in preparation, including serials, translations and sketches, and, in short, shall spare no pains to make the POST a thoroughly first-class family paper, in every respect.

ANNA DICKINSON'S APOLOGY.

The good nature of the American people has been much commented on abroad, and certainly one of the most striking examples of American good nature is to be found in the treatment of Miss Anna Dickinson by the critics. Here is an instance, unparalleled in the history of the stage, of a performer tolerated by the press out of sheer good nature, who, conscious that she is a dire failure on the boards, especially when dressed as *Anne Boleyn*, makes a frantic appeal to the public at large in a sort of extravagant gag, which, in the mouth of any other actor or actress, would have been ludicrously assailed from all quarters.

We believe that this boisterous young woman has really tried her best, and we believe, moreover, that should an opportunity occur, which is not likely, she might prove herself, as she has been, a vituperative elocutionist in the cause of anything popular, but that she is a representative actress, we most positively decline to accept; and therefore, when, after playing to empty benches and bad business, she comes to grief, grows irritable, and appeals to the empty benches aforesaid for relief, it is indeed so ludicrous a picture, that we pity her manager from the bottom of our critical soul.

Miss Dickinson presumes too much upon the respect due to her sex and the good nature of the American people. Let her go to England or France and try it on there. There is no such thing in those critical countries as an appeal to the public by a whine, if an actor or actress has palpably failed. There they have to take their "damning" with a good grace, but here, no sooner does this feminine failure cry out: "I didn't go to do it!" than the whole press takes up her cause and pleads in her defence. It is certainly good nature, but good nature borders on imbecility sometimes, and woe betide the cause of art in this country, if performers are to act as Miss Dickinson has acted. She has asked for a chance. We are good natured, too, and we say let her have a chance, but she must remember that people who go to the theatre, go to get their money's worth.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

WHY is it that almost everybody who reads a literary journal thinks that the paper should contain nothing that does not suit his or her individual taste? This is one of those peculiar things that "no fellow can find out," and it can only be accounted for on the basis of extreme selfishness. Readers should reflect that the world is made up of people with widely different ideas, and with tastes as various as the tints that float over the surface of a soap-bubble, and should consider that what may not please them, in the columns of a literary journal, may yet exactly suit hundreds of others. And, after all, a paper is made up not for the few but the many, and the aim of a judicious editor is always to give such variety, to the columns under his control, that he may have something that will hit all fancies. A very little thought will convince anybody inclined to grumble, when this or that story in his or her literary paper happens to be intended for another class of minds, that a trifling amount of self-denial in the premises will do no harm, as it will certainly be his or her turn to be pleased in the next number, and, perhaps, vastly pleased, too.

IN our opinion, no town or village, however small, should be without its literary and social club. By this we do not mean a club for the amusement of men alone, but one to which both ladies and gentlemen may belong with pleasure and profit. It might combine the sewing-circle with the debating society, so that those of the softer sex might have a congenial occupation, if not particularly attached to literary or oratorical pleasures. Those towns and villages in which such clubs have been started have, invariably, experienced great benefits therefrom, as they not only tend to promote friendship and general good-feeling, but also give a higher and more cultivated tone to the community. Our experience has been that it is always best for a club of this kind to have some permanent place of meeting, where the papers and periodicals of the day may be kept for the perusal of the members, thus constituting a good reading-room that can be kept up at a very slight expense. We would advise the people of every town and village in the land to take this club matter into serious consideration, and the approaching summer will be a good time to think about it.

FOR some time past, we have heard no talk of the new National anthem. It was to arrive during the days of the Centennial, but failed to put in an appearance, and now it seems to have gone down into oblivion. But, perhaps, after all, it is best that the project should be allowed to take a permanent sleep, as it would be exceedingly difficult for anybody to get up a new National anthem for us that could eclipse the time-honored "Star Spangled Banner" in the popular affections.

IN noticing the progress of the fine arts in the last few years, it would be unfair not to glance at the improvement that has been made in the painting of scenery for theatres. Not so very long ago, but small attention was paid to the getting up of scenery by theatrical managers, and the public eye was continually shocked by observing on the stage barn-like interiors and fearfully unnatural exteriors. Now, however, things have vastly changed in this respect, and the managers in all large cities make it a cardinal point to present their plays with scenery of the most artistic description. The result is that we see on the stage some really magnificent works of art, upon which the most critical eye can rest with perfect satisfaction. In this city, Messrs. Gemmill, Scott & Co., of the Chestnut Street Theatre, have, undoubtedly, been foremost in perfecting scenic reforms; and, no matter what play they produce, their stage always presents a series of the most beautiful pictures.

WE have often been asked why it is that new hands at literature invariably begin by writing rhymes, and the question is not a difficult one to answer. In the first place, literary beginners are generally young people, sometimes very young people, and hence are somewhat romantic. Now, as romantic natures and poetry go hand in hand, these folks naturally drop into rhyme writing, and gradually get into the field of prose after a due apprenticeship to the Muses. In the second and last place, it is far easier to get up some sort of a metrical jingle than it is to compose a good readable story or sketch, and beginners at anything always start out with what is easiest to do.

ONE of the greatest wants in this city is a good, large circulating library. We have several circulating libraries, but not one that comes up to the mark. The proprietors of them are parties without either energy or sufficient means, and their collections are composed almost wholly of antiquated romances or the worst modern trash. The poorer classes in our midst, who cannot spare the money to buy a share in the Mercantile or Philadelphia libraries, patronize the circulating establishments extensively, and would frequent them still more if they contained fresh, readable and healthy books.

THERE is nothing so well calculated to give an observer the horrors as the sight of our unfinished Public Buildings, at Broad and Market streets, and the thought that, though such vast sums of money have been already expended on them, they still look like the ruins of historic Pompeii.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

BY THOS. MOORE.

"A temple to Friendship," cried Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden. The thought is divine!"
So the temple was built, and she only now wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.

She flew to a sculptor, who sat down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,
But so cold and so dull that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly that wasn't the Friendship she meant.

"Oh, never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so cheerless and dim;
But you little god upon rose-leaves reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him!"

So the bargain was struck. With the little god laden,
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove.
"Farewell!" cried the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden,
Who came but for Friendship and took away Love!"

A VICTIM OF GOOD LUCK.

A FANTASTIC TALE.

Translated from the French of Henri Murger.

BY GEORGE D. COX.

I.

MISE EN SCENE.

Madame the Countess Celeste de Vauxchamps, who was leaning towards her window, drew back suddenly with the frightened gesture of a woman who perceives a spider; then, letting herself fall upon a fauteuil, in which she remained like one rendered motionless by terror, she cried out:

"Ah! Mon Dieu!"

The Count, very busily engaged in buttoning his glove, turned around at his wife's exclamation, and, approaching her, said gently:

"What ails you, Celeste?"

The Countess raised her beautiful eyes towards her husband, and in a feeble voice replied:

"It is going to rain!"

The Count ran to the window, and in the sky, ten minutes before of a dazzling serenity, he saw advance large black clouds like airy phantoms. At the same moment a heavy clap of thunder shook immensity, and large drops of water spotted the graveled courtyard of the hotel. The Count closed the window violently, and, returning to the mantelpiece, rang a bell.

A servant presented himself.

"Unhitch the horses," said M. de Vauxchamps, "we shall not go to the country."

Then, again approaching his wife, who had become paler in proportion as the weather had grown gloomier, he said in a snappish voice which seemed to strangle his words:

"You are right, Celeste,—it is going to rain!"

And he began to walk the apartment with rapid steps. As he passed before a mirror, his wife saw that his face was greatly disturbed. A strange smile full of irony played upon his pale lips, and, raising his fist towards the sky, he cried out:

"At last!"

"What is the matter with you, Felix?" asked his wife somewhat disquieted.

"Call me no more by that name, it is about to become a satire!" replied the Count.

And, seating himself beside the Countess, he remained, like her, silent and sad, in the attitude of a man suddenly stricken by the thunder-bolts of fate.

II.

DIGRESSIONS.

Compared with the trifling cause which had given it birth, the reader will find more than strange the scene with which this history commences. In truth, a summer storm which breaks out suddenly and interrupts a country excursion is not sufficient matter for serious alarms, and the syncope of Madame Celeste de Vauxchamps, as well as the anathemas of her husband, may well appear bits of childishness only excusable in conjugal intimacy.

However, we will answer for it that this atmospheric caprice, one which can, when unforeseen, excite a passing disagreement, had for the Count and his wife all the proportions of an event.

For them, those sombre clouds were big with disasters; for them, the lightnings which rent the sky were letters of flame, in which they read a prophecy frightful as that of the biblical feast; and in the hollow claps of thunder they heard distinctly the mutterings of the fate that was approaching them.

And nevertheless, at the very moment when the Count and his wife sat terrified by an accident so common, people said of them, in twenty different places, that they were the most completely happy couple in the world.

Envious or of good faith, those who said that were right—at the same time they were wrong; because the best is the enemy of well enough, and because to be too happy is to be so no longer! Paradox! do you say, sir,—or madame?—paradoxes are truths—in carnival costume, which is the reason that they are not immediately recognized. But, if you will follow us, you will see a great many others in the coming chapters.

III.

FELIX.

The Count Felix de Vauxchamps had had for god-mothers all the beneficent fairies in whose miracles we had in other days so innocent a faith. For (another digression), from the cradle, as if to habituate him to the destruction of his illusions, the first things that man is made to believe in are falsehoods.

The childhood of Felix had passed altogether under the calm gaze of his mother, who had always said yes to his caprices; and who had been constantly preoccupied with foreseeing his desires, in order that he might not have to express them by tears. Hence he had been ignorant of them; for never had he been compelled to wait for the plaything he had wanted, never had that which he preferred been broken. At eight years of age, he was sent to college. Good luck followed him there, and enabled him to pass through the Greek and Latin classes without abandoning an hour of recreation for their thorny thickets, without once encountering those two enemies of students, the pensum and dry bread. In the scholarly contentions, in which children who are preparing themselves to become men have thousands of occasions to develop their evil instincts, and to make essays in envy and hatred, Felix awakened none of those precocious friendships which are for so long remembered. Never was he deceived in his first affections. Hence, at fifteen years of age, he advanced towards youth, with outstretched arms and a heart swelled with hope.

When he had attained his majority, he was put into the possession of his fortune,—a golden key with which he might open the impossible.

He entered life with all the impatience of an ignorant youth who wishes to gain knowledge. Good luck followed him still, and he found realities as beautiful as his dreams. All the passions held out to him their enchanted cups, and he drank to the dregs without finding the least bitterness. All his hopes kept their promises to him, and every obstacle stepped aside to let his fantasy pass by.

His first love had been what a first love always is—a trial of the heart—a history at once silly and charming like a German idyl. His sweetheart, who had like him entire ignorance and utter innocence, was not long merely his lady-love; they learned to adore each other, separated when they found it out, and their parting was as mild as had been their meeting.

On clearing his skirts of this love-affair, Felix encountered ambition. He shut himself up at home for six months and wrote a book. Eight days after its publication, he was famous: the most ferocious critics praised his work, and cried out to him every morning in their newspapers that he was a great man. He plunged into the literary world, and was received there sincerely and frankly; his success, although spontaneous and obtained without the aid of any coterie, had not excited the least jealousy, and had not hurt any individual pride;—hence his friends exclaimed: "A miracle!"

Felix became the hero of Parisian society. The witty *mot* that he had uttered in one salon circulated two hours afterwards in all the others. Whatever he said or whatever he did, he was right in everything and everywhere. Where a hundred others were pricked with ridicule,—he encountered a new sympathy; his most foolish eccentricities seemed natural, and had he put on red clothes nobody would have dreamed of laughing at him.

Never had he met a funeral on leaving a ball.

Never had a famished mendicant stretched out his hand to him on the threshold of a rich hotel where a splendid banquet awaited him.

Never had an old and ugly woman jostled him in the street when he had been to see a young and beautiful lady.

In short, during the twenty years that he had been in the world, good luck had never quitted him. All that he touched was gold, all that he saw was beautiful, all that he did was right.

IV.

THE HUNT FOR ILL-LUCK.

Meanwhile Felix began to be disturbed by this obstinate felicity which did not give him the time to shape out a desire before realizing it. This eternal azure fatigued him; he searched for a point of shade to rest his sight, he longed for any contrariety that could break for an instant the chain of his prosperity. Vain expectation—his sky always remained a fixed blue.

One day, Felix thought that he had hunted down his happy destiny. In the midst of a reunion of friends, he imagined he saw an insult leap out from the shock of two contradictions; he retorted with a pointed insolence, which was heightened by another.

A meeting was decided upon. It was Felix's first duel.

All the dispositions were favorable to him; fate had designated the pistol, and he was a crack shot with that weapon.

At the moment when the signal of combat was given, the sun, unmasked by a cloud rolling away, shone out with full force in the eyes of his adversary, who trembled—and fired at random.

Felix was cool as a cucumber.

He had the life of a man and remorse at the mouth of his pistol.

Heaven spared him—he missed his opponent.

One morning, one of his friends saw him get into a post-chaise.

"Where are you going?" demanded he.

"My dear boy, I am going to make the tour of the world, and it will be the very devil if I do not find ill luck on the road!" responded Felix, laughing.

But he found nothing, save some unknown enjoyments and some new pleasures.

"Can it be," said he to himself on returning, "that ill-luck is a contagious disease, and that one must live among the unfortunate to catch it? I will see!"

He assumed a common name, put on wretched clothing, and went to dwell in a quarter the inhabitants of which seemed bent to earth beneath the weight of human ills.

The house that he had chosen was the most leprous of all: it was a dirty sink into which the sun had never been able to penetrate. But in this humble habitation lived a colony of laborious artisans who sang from morning till evening.

The first night that he passed in this house, Felix was disturbed by the sound of a voice; he listened—and heard his neighbor grinding out golden rhymes in honor of some beauty—ideal.

The next morning he placed himself at his window, and saw opposite to him a beautiful young girl, rosy and fresh as one of Greuze's faces. On perceiving her new neighbor, she bestowed on him a smile of astonishment.

The following day, it was Felix who watched for his handsome acquaintance.

She was called Felicite; she had a susceptible heart, and extended her hand to Felix, who had not the courage to refuse it.

He had also scraped up an acquaintance with his neighbor, the rhymer, and had found in him a generous nature and a talent with which he completely sympathized.

After a six months' residence, Felix quitted this hideous house to which he had come to look for ill-luck, and in which he had found a new friend and a new lady-love.

"Is ill-luck to be found in penury?" said he to himself another day: "I must ruin myself!"

He threw half his fortune into a speculation more than doubtful, and flew to Baden to risk the other half upon the green cloth.

From the moment he entered luck was on his side.

He broke the bank.

On his return to Paris, his notary informed him that a vote of the Chambers was about to convert into an excellent affair the doubtful speculation in which he had invested his funds.

"You are very fortunate," said he; "in six months you will double your capital."

"Draw it out quickly then," said Felix; "I am rich enough!"

"Where, in Heaven's name, is ill-luck?" asked he of his friends. "I weary myself running after it and cannot find it."

"Wait a little," they replied; "it will come."

"Let it," replied Felix; "the key is in my door!"

"By Jove!" cried he one day when in a vein of irony, "I have only one more chance for finding ill-luck."

"What is that?" asked the poet Raymond, his friend.

"It is to get married! Either I deceive myself greatly, or my happy destiny will leave me on the day my marriage-contract is signed!"

"Whom will you wed?" demanded Raymond, laughing.

"I don't know," replied Felix; "I do not want to choose my wife myself: I am too miserably lucky. I will leave the choice to chance. I will espouse the first young lady who shall, this evening, enter the salon of my aunt. Meet me there."

"Decidedly, my friend is crazy!" thought Raymond. Nevertheless, he went, in the evening, to the rendezvous appointed by Felix.

They stationed themselves in a corner of the salon, and directed their eye-glasses towards the door of entrance.

"Let's see how chance will do the business," said Felix.

After many introductions, a valet announced:

"Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Marenes."

"There's my wife!" said Felix. "I'll ask her to dance the first quadrille with me!" And he left Raymond in the hands of the whist-players.

An hour afterwards, Felix had rejoined his friend. "The marriage will take place in a month," said he; "my aunt will make the matrimonial overtures to-morrow. I have persuaded her that I am desperately in love with Mademoiselle Celeste de Marenes!"

Raymond was stupefied.

"But," said he to Felix, "you do not know then that Mademoiselle Celeste is the antithesis of her name? She is a devil with blonde locks!"

"Red!" murmured Felix.

"Her tongue is a dart!"

"I know it; she pricked me with it twice!"

"She wears long dresses to hide her cloven feet!"

"And bright red robes to dazzle the eyes," replied Felix; "I know her perfectly. She is a daughter of Eve, pure blood, who seems to me to have an appetite capable of devouring all the apples in the world, the seeds along with them. She said to me a moment ago, between two parentheses, things to raise the hair on the head of the man who aspires to become her husband! We have directly opposite tastes in everything. She loves Raphael—you know my preference for Rubens! She adores Rossini, and I abhor Italian music! And the devil take me if she don't squint a little! We shall be married in a month!"

"Cease this folly," said Raymond, who could not believe that his friend was talking seriously. "This marriage would bring you ill-luck!"

"Great Jove!" cried Felix, "that's just what I want!"

V.

PLAN OF BATTLE.

A month afterwards, Felix had espoused Mademoiselle Celeste de Marenes, who had no other relative in the world than her father, an old soldier, who had yet the blood of a young man in his veins, and who, greatly enchanted at the prospect of having no longer to bother with his daughter, had not allowed her to be twice asked for.

"What!" said Felix to his wife one day, "you have no relatives—not even a little cousin?"

"None whatever!" responded Celeste, laughing.

"Ah!" thought Felix—"such things happen only to me!"

According to the custom adopted by high society, it had been agreed upon that the bride and groom should quit Paris immediately after the celebration of their marriage; and Celeste had manifested the desire to dwell in a delicious country-seat which her grandmother had bequeathed to her, and which was situated in Provence, a few steps from the fountain of Vaucluse.

"It is an enchanted Eden," the young Countess had said to her husband. "Its beautiful localities are still full of the remembrance of Laura and Petrarch, who have left there a vague perfume of love and poesy. Happiness should await us there. Let us depart at once."

And they departed.

When the first fresh horses were brought, Felix forthwith thought of changing the charming programme drawn up by his wife.

"It is evident," said he to himself, "that I shall be the happiest of men if I allow myself to be taken to that Provence paradise. Poetry will mount to my brain, and love to my heart, perhaps!" added Felix, as he looked at Celeste, who had fallen asleep, her head resting upon his shoulder, and felt a singular shiver run through him. "But," continued he still to himself, "there mustn't be any of that. I did not marry to grow love-sick or to be happy—just the contrary!"

And, taking a firm resolution, he gave the postillion the order to change the route. Then he rubbed his hands, laughingly, and murmured:

"In any event, if I cannot escape the felicity of the honeymoon, mine will begin with a fierce tempest." And he went to sleep to awake the next day, greatly astonished to find his hand in that of his wife.

"Now this is strange," thought he; "'twas surely not I who put it there!" And he stared at Celeste, who, to hide her blushes, looked out at the coach window.

"Oh Goodness!" exclaimed the young wife, "where are we? What a frightful spot!"

"Good!" said Felix. "It is beginning!"

In truth, they were then traversing an abominable region, all the localities of which, stamped with profound desolation, formed a picture worthy of the rude and savage brush of Salvator.

The coach was struggling slowly along in the midst of a deep gorge, bordered on each side by gigantic rocks, bristling with red bushes which seemed to tear the clouds in their flight. Upon the loftiest peak of this natural Hades loomed up the skeleton of an old dismembered castle which might have been in other times the nest of some feudal vulture, and which seemed since to have become that of owls.

"What a sombre ruin!" said the Countess de Vauxchamps, clasping her hands. And she added, on looking about her and seeing herself encircled by the woeful landscape:

"How could anybody live here?"

"Things are getting along finely," thought Felix, listening to his wife; "the storm cannot be far away!" Then, addressing the postillion, he said:

"Ho, there! Pierre! Turn to the left, towards the ascent!"

Five minutes afterwards the post-chaise stopped before a walk, bordered with centenarian yew-trees, leading to the ruined manor-house.

VI.

OF AN EFFECT OF THE MOON IN CONJUGAL MATTERS.

An old concierge, who appeared to be awaiting the newly-wedded pair, received the Count de Vauxchamps and his wife.

"Where are we?" demanded Celeste, as she entered a kind of salon in which was scattered the furniture of a *hotel garni*.

"My dear child," responded Felix, "we are in a place where more tragedies have been wrought than at all the Boulevard theatres united. Each stone of this ruin bears a stain of blood—the mournful mark of a mournful event—and the inhabitants of the neighborhood assert that every night tearful ghosts—victims or assassins—return to relate the horrible mysteries of this chateau, beside which the Chateau of Udolpho may be called a sheep-fold!"

"But still," rejoined Celeste, with a slight movement of impatience, "where are we?"

"Dear soul," responded Felix, "you are the mistress here. You promised me an Eden, and I offer you a Hades!—which ought to be complete now that the devil has arrived!" thought the Count, observing his wife.

Then a seraphic smile lighted up the charming face of the Countess. She raised one of her hands towards the sculptured bas-reliefs of the salon, and, in the midst of a garland of flowers artistically carved in the lasting stone, pointed out to her husband the Cs and the Fs interlaced like loving initials. Then, bending graciously towards the Count, who did not seem to comprehend, she said, giving her voice its most tender sound:

"Thank you, Felix!"

This was the first time that he had heard himself thus called by his wife; hence the Count was deeply moved and could scarcely hide his emotion.

Nevertheless, he persisted in seeing merely a gently mocking resignation in this thanking business of which he did not suspect the motive; and Celeste had to show him a second time the escutcheons upon which their initials were sculptured before Felix understood the cause of this conjugal cajolery.

"Poor soul!" said he mentally, "how she deceives herself!"

In truth, these letters in which Celeste had been pleased to see a proof of love were there only by chance; or rather they had been there since the erection of the edifice, and Felix had never seen them, though he had purchased the place two years before to make it a hunting rendezvous.

For an instant the Count thought of undeceiving his wife; but the latter was then gazing on him so tenderly that he could not scare up the courage to break the delightful illusion that she had created for herself.

"No," thought he, "that would be an act of savage brutality!"

And as Celeste drew nearer to him, he took her hand, and led her away to visit the other portions of the chateau.

"It's a frightful place," said he; "but reassure yourself, we will not stay here; I merely wished you to see it as we went along."

"Why not stay?" asked Celeste.

"We are in a desert," replied Felix.

"So much the better, we will be more to ourselves."

"But, if you were to pass eight days in this terrible ruin, you would perish of ennui, like Goethe's Mignon regretting her orange-trees."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Countess animatedly, "wherever we may be together, I shall be contented. All that I may see with you will appear beautiful to me. Here, at least, in the midst of these mountains, we shall be free, more so than at Vaucluse, a spot full of tourists and prying eyes, like all celebrated places; and besides," added she, "this wild region lacks neither grandeur nor poetry: upon this elevated peak we shall be well pleased to see every day the marvellous spectacles spread out by nature. Look," said she, stretching out her hand, "behold those lands flooded with the splendors of the setting sun. How grand! how beautiful!"

"The deuce!" thought Felix, "this is poetical!"

And he looked with inquietude to see if his wife's hands were not stained with ink, and if she did not wear blue stockings. But he only perceived a coquettish and shapely limb, the sight of which confused his ideas.

At that moment, the twilight shadows spread softly over the plain and its surroundings; the great nighboring forests shook out on the passing breezes their bitter and intoxicating perfumes, and the thousand evening harmonies arose from every side, and united as if to give a serenade to the stars which were showing themselves one by one at their ebony balcony.

It seemed then to Felix that a great noise had broken loose in his heart. He listened and heard the voice of his remembrances which recalled to him that it was on a similar evening and in a place somewhat like this that he had met the first woman he had loved.

He looked beside him and saw Celeste, who, having no remembrances as yet, was listening to the melodies of her hopes.

"Ah!" said Felix, drawing close to his wife and taking her hand which he bore to his lips. "You are an angel who has hidden her wings!"

This single phrase of love, the first her husband had ever addressed to her, caused Celeste's heart to flutter wildly. She laid her pretty head upon the Count's shoulder and murmured in his ear:

"We shall be very happy!"

"Alas! I fear so!" thought Felix, as he conducted his wife to the chamber which had been prepared for them.

"We remain here then?" said Celeste.

"Yes," said her husband. "Come and see something."

And, drawing her into the angle of the window, he showed her the moon, which had just drawn aside a curtain of clouds, and was casting its silvered face upon the blackness of the sky.

"Ah!" murmured the young wife, blushingly.

"'Tis our honeymoon rising!"

VII.

LOVE IN MARRIAGE.—FELIX TO RAYMOND.

Alas! my dear friend, I have undergone the common fate—I have been deceived.

Since the day after my marriage the wife has belied the betrothed.

The white gloves under which I expected to find sharp claws concealed hands that might put to shame the Greek statuary and the Princess Borghese.

On conducting my wife to the altar, I rejoiced internally in seeing shine through her veil her eyes illuminated with a ruddy light which promised to kindle my conjugal Hades.

Bitter deception!

Scarcely had I drawn aside this veil, than, instead of the demon that I expected to see, I found myself facing an angel: and in spite of myself, I was forced to lower my eyes before the splendor of the golden glory which crowned her forehead.

The beneficent genius which watches over me awaited me there—and for the first time destroyed my hopes.

No, it is not possible otherwise—no—I have not espoused Mademoiselle de Marenes—my wife was changed under the wedding veil: it is a metamorphosis that I cannot doubt. For that matter I no longer doubt anything now. I believe in the mythology—in the Arabian Nights—and generally in everything that is incredible.

The false is the true!........

Celeste is rightly named. She has brought me as her dower a beauty before which all the artists would break their pencils and all the poets forget their ideals. In exchange for my ring, she has put into my hand a key with which I have unlocked a felicity of which I was yet ignorant—I who knew them all, and knew them so well!

It was written that I should become the Christopher Columbus of this new America, of which so many others before me had vainly attempted the conquest.

Finally, my dear boy, to conclude, the Eden that I have discovered, and in which no one before me has ever put foot, this fabulous and paradoxical thing which for me has become a reality, is called:

Love in marriage!

At these words I see you—or rather I hear you from this spot giving vent to exclamations enough to fill three tragedies.

Love in marriage! Great Jove! Is it possible that one should dare to couple two such antitheses, water and fire—black and white—dogs and cats—love and marriage—ha! ha!

Don't you believe it? It is true. I am certainly married: the civil registers of the State prove that; and as for being in love, my letter ought to substantiate that I am more so than I have ever been before; but I believe that I have never been so before. My former passions were only elementary studies: then I was learning to love, to-day I know how to do it.

Celeste has taught me.

Yes, my dear fellow, I am in love—with my wife; and, despite the enormous ridicule that it may bring upon me, I will declare my passion aloud. I will brave the stings of raillery:—for this time, without doubt, the world will not dare to pronounce in my favor.

But what matters it to me?—I love.

Love! Certes, since I have existed, my thoughts have many times made the tour of this word, and never have I understood its intimate and deep meaning. For me, love was a poem written in a foreign language. I read it in the translations.

To-day I read it in the original.

What a strange destiny is mine—to find love in marriage!—which is to love what the air-pump is to the bird:—an extinguisher!

You, skeptic, will respond that I am still under the influence of the honeymoon, and that I take sparks for stars. To which I will reply—that you do not know Celeste!

You are aware of my intention in getting married, and you will also recall why I made choice of Mademoiselle de Marenes. But, I repeat it—my wife was changed during the ceremony.

Celeste, in a word, is the incarnation of my ideal.

I have espoused my dream.

And nevertheless, if there ever was a chimera of a poet or of a lover impossible to realize, it was mine.

I had said one day to the good luck which followed me: "Oh, thou unknown Power under whose ægis I am; thou who canst do everything for me, thou canst not find for me between the two poles a human creature who shall be the living sister of my ideal—thou canst not do it—I defy thee to!"

But good luck has replied by bringing me Celeste. It must have created her expressly. Again I have triumphed over the impossible.

Hence, since that time, unheard of audacity has come into my mind—and I ask myself occasionally if I am not an anonymous god whom everything must obey—even the elements. I must make a trial of my power by demanding of Heaven a crown of stars for Celeste.

I am sure that the next day my wife will find the constellation Orion in her jewel-case.

* * * * * * * * *

I am living now beneath the most beautiful sky in the world—in a land which is the vestibule of Italy. Around me everything sings and glows; for, with love, I have, as the poet says:

Une lumiere dans les yeux,
Une musique dans l'oreille.

In a few months I shall return to Paris with Celeste—the Eve, without curiosity, of my beautiful paradise—in which there is no serpent.

"How, if I go there?" said Raymond, as he finished reading the strange ramblings of his friend.

VIII.

STILL HAPPY.

Felix had not been able to shun his destiny, which was to be always the happiest of men. His marriage-contract, instead of turning out, as he had hoped, a definitive rupture with felicity, had, on the contrary, proved a new lease of it.

Moreover, as we have already seen, Felix was smitten with his wife, and had realized the Utopia of love in marriage. At first, he troubled himself but slightly about this passion, and though each day it assumed a more serious character, Felix said inwardly that this sort of thing could not last, and that his love would die out when his honeymoon was effaced from the conjugal horizon, which, thought he, cannot fail to happen in a month—or two at the latest.

But, at the expiration of that time, Felix still awaited the eclipse of that luminary from the influence of which he had not been able to free himself; and one day he asked Celeste if she would not like to quit their ruin to go breathe the air of Vaucluse.

They had then set out.

Felix thought himself more free when he had lost sight of the tower of the old chateau; he imagined that, his love would remain there.

"When we have reached Vaucluse," said he to himself, "my wife will be only my wife, and this time I will not allow myself to be bewitched as I have been for six months past. It is true that then it was very difficult to resist: the prologue of marriage has its charms. A fresh and white crown of orange blossoms upon a fresh and white forehead is tempting;—add solitude, the setting sun, the effects of night, etc. Heavens and earth!" murmured Felix, "any other in my place would have done just as I did. But where we are going we shall lead another life: I shall have amusements,—the solitary promenades will no longer be possible; I shall see Celeste's defects, etc., etc. In short," continued Felix, by way of conclusion, "a honeymoon cannot last all one's lifetime; and, of course, mine must go the way of all the old moons!"

Fragile resolutions, which were destined to vanish into thin air at his wife's first glance.

Scarcely had he put foot in that fresh Provence oasis, when Felix felt his heart, which he had believed he could render cold, leap with greater violence; the fears which he had imagined were realized. Poetry mounted to his brain and bore him away to the loftiest heights of exaltation. It seemed to him that he was removed from the real world, and that he was irresistibly drawn into delights and pleasures unknown to the rest of mankind.

In truth, Felix had then attained the paroxysm of passion.

He was, so to speak, at the equator of love!

It was at this period that he wrote to Raymond the letter in which he announced to him his approaching return to Paris, where he arrived, in short, about the beginning of winter.

From their first entry into society, the newly-wedded pair were received with universal favor.

The Countess de Vauxchamps was forthwith surrounded by a court of admirers; but their discreet homage was calculated only to flatter the pride of a husband. And Felix, who was on the watch with both eyes and ears, could never pounce upon either a word which had the sound of calumny, or a gesture which had the air of irony.

The high barons of seduction, the Valeres, the Damis, the Clitandres, all those who had erased from their dictionary the word impossible, came, however, to circulate and pour out their perfume-breathing madrigals before Celeste, who confounded them with a look from her blue eyes. Thus it happened that all these Don Juans, who were more or less champion lady-killers, soon comprehended that they could gain nothing in this quarter, and departed as they had come.

Felix, who had followed their movements, gazed at them laughingly as they went on their way,—and closed his volume of "Othello."

Besides himself,—no one was offended at his good luck.

IX.

A SUDDEN TURN OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

One evening, Celeste found on her toilet-table a note which read as follows:

"Madame:

"This very night, before ten o'clock, you must grant me an interview; in the name of your love for Felix, do not refuse me.

"Your husband's and your own best friend,
"Raymond."

"P. S.—I will come at ten o'clock; I repeat that I must see you. Be alone."

Celeste, devoured with inquietude, ran to her husband's chamber to show him the strange note she had received.

Felix had gone out, and had told his servant not to wait for him.

When the Countess returned to her apartment, the clock told that it was half-past nine.

"Oh—oh!" cried Celeste, lifting her hands toward Heaven, "what misfortune is hovering over us?"

At that moment there was a knock at the door.

The femme de chambre hastened to obey the summons.

It was Raymond.

"What is the matter?" Celeste demanded anxiously; "your letter has put me on the rack!"

Raymond answered not a word; but he drew from his pocket a paper which he handed to the Countess. On glancing at the opening lines she was stricken with stupor:

"What," cried she; "the wretched man! Has he lost his wits?"

"Yes; but there is a method of saving him, one only,—and if you hesitate to employ it, from to-day, from this evening, you can put on mourning!"

"That method—speak, speak quickly. You are killing me!"

Raymond took from his pocket a second paper and gave it to the Countess, saying:

"You must follow these instructions to the letter; I again assure you, Madame, that it is the sole method. If you hesitate—to-night, all will be over!"

Scarcely had she cast her eyes upon the paper which Raymond had given her, when Celeste fell into her fauteuil, confounded by the lines she had read.

"Oh! but this is impossible!" cried she, "I supplicate you, Raymond, find some other means!"

"Since I was notified of Felix's sinister resolutions, I have searched, Madame, and have been able to discover nothing else."

Seeing that the Countess remained motionless, Raymond took her hand.

"Listen Celeste," said he, "it is half-past ten; if in half an hour you do not give me what I ask of you, it will be too late. Decide for yourself—I will wait."

Raymond went out, closing the door after him.

Celeste hurried to a little desk which was in her bed-chamber, and, hastily snatching up a sheet of paper and a pen, she copied with a trembling hand the second note that Raymond had delivered to her.

When she had finished, she called back the latter, who had passed into another apartment.

Raymond took the note that Celeste had written, and handed it back to her after having examined it.

"You have forgotten to sign," said he.

"'Tis useless," replied Celeste; "he knows my handwriting perfectly."

"Sign," said Raymond. "He must be thoroughly convinced."

The Countess seized a pen and signed convulsively.

"Oh!" cried she afterwards to Raymond, "go, go quickly—it is eleven o'clock!"

"I have ample time," said Raymond. "Felix will wait until midnight."

"You will save him, will you not?"

"'Tis you who will save him with this," replied Raymond, showing to Celeste the note that she had just written. "Now," continued he, "wait for me in this chamber. As a precaution, I must fasten you in—you might want to follow me!"

And Raymond withdrew, after having turned the key upon the Countess, who sank overwhelmed into a fauteuil.

"Poor man!" cried she—"what have I done to him?"

A quarter of an hour before midnight, a horse dashing along with great clatter raised showers of sparks upon the road leading to the Barriere d'Enfer at Chatillon; a man urged him on without ceasing with whip and spur.

It was Raymond.

X.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

We are in a large chamber of a country-seat at Chatillon.

The window is open: a nightingale is singing in the garden trees illuminated by a beautiful summer moon.

Facing a great table covered with papers, a man is seated, and is writing by the pale light of a lamp placed before him. His chirography is as correct as that of an official account; he puts the periods and the commas wherever they are required, and carefully adds "s" to the plural.

And nevertheless, beside the inkstand, we notice a square box which contains pistols, a shagreen case enclosing two vials of poison, and a dagger the sharp blade of which has been dipped in the deadly juice of the Java upas.

That man who is writing—is Felix.

He is making his will, for he has resolved to kill himself at twelve o'clock sharp,—unless in the meantime some stroke of ill-luck shall befall him.

Now, the hand has but five movements to make to touch the fatal figure.

Felix will wait until the last tinkle of the last stroke; after which,—he will demand of death the solution of the enigma of life.

Felix is then a lunatic?

He has thus singularly reasoned within himself: that, since during the first part of his existence he had been completely happy, the future should have avenged itself on the past by making him the most unfortunate of men for the rest of his life. Now, Felix, who had so many times challenged fate without encountering it, would quit the world, imagining that it was advancing towards him. The fable of Bucheron and Death.

After this, Felix was perfectly crazy. Twenty seconds only were between the hand and the hour at which he was to end his career. As he had decided in favor of poison, he took from his case a little vial containing a yellow liquid.

The clock pealed out the first stroke of midnight.

Felix lifted the vial to his lips.

At that moment, the headlong gallop of a horse was heard without, a noise of footsteps resounded on the staircase, and, as the last stroke of midnight pealed forth lugubriously from the metal bell, Felix was startled by a violent knocking at his door.

"Who's there?" cried he—still keeping the vial at his lips.

"What you are waiting for," replied a voice, "ill-luck!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Felix, "walk right in!" But he drew back in surprise on finding himself face to face with Raymond.

"You wanted it," said the latter, "here it is!" And he threw on the table a little letter upon which Felix precipitated himself.

As he held it in his hands, hesitating to open it, Raymond cried out roughly:

"Are you afraid?"

Felix looked at him haughtily, and opened the letter; but, at the first line, a cold sweat leaped out upon his face.

"Oh! the wretched woman!" cried he, "what have I done to her?" And he fell back overcome upon the support-bar of the window.

During this time, Raymond hid the weapons and the poison in a closet of which he took the key.

Felix writhed in despairing anguish.

"Oh! how I suffer! The wretched woman! I who loved her so much!" cried he, —"and she preferred another!"

"Jealousy!" murmured Raymond.

"But I will kill them both!" continued Felix.

"Hate!" murmured Raymond.

"And notwithstanding that this Edouard called himself my friend; I have received him in my house—at all hours!"

"False friendship!" murmured Raymond.

"And she, Celeste, who for a year past has not remained an hour without saying to me at least thrice: 'I love you!'—she has deceived me!"

"False love!" murmured Raymond.

"And I believed myself happy—and I blessed the goodness of God! Where is He?"

"Doubt!" murmured Raymond.

"Oh! you have never suffered all that I am suffering!" cried Felix, foaming.

"Idiot!" responded the other; "ten times in my life I have made the tour of human griefs, and I am living yet!"

And the entire night passed thus in convulsions and delirium.

In the morning, Raymond aroused Felix, who was crouched down in a corner,—stupid,—insensate.

"Will you not have vengeance?" cried the former.

"Ah! yes!" hissed Felix, bounding up like a tiger.

He seized the pistols, which Raymond had put back upon the table after having discharged them.

"Let us go quickly," said Raymond; "your wife has perhaps departed with her lover, Count Edouard de Brillon!"

"At the remotest end of the world I will find them!" cried Felix, drawing his friend with him.

An hour afterwards they arrived before the hotel of the Countess de Brillon, widow of the general of that name. A file of mourning carriages blocked up the street, and a rich catafalque was placed upon the porch of the hotel.

"What is the matter, and what does all this mean?" demanded Felix.

"Alas!" replied an old man—"you were his friend, perhaps! Dead at twenty-two years old, with such a promising future, too!"

"Yes," said another, "and what a fine young man!"

"But who is dead?" demanded Felix.

"Eh, Monsieur! Don't you know that to-day they bury the Count de Brillon, slain in Africa?"

"When did that happen?"

"Six weeks ago; his mother caused his corpse to be brought back that it might be laid with the deceased members of his family!"

Felix stared at Raymond, and re-read his wife's letter. Edouard had been dead for six weeks and yet Celeste had given him a rendezvous for that evening!

"What am I to think of this?" he asked.

"Rejoin your wife," said Raymond, laughing: "she will explain all to you!"

XI.

CONCLUSION.

"Ah!" said the Countess, as she saw her husband enter, holding in his hand the letter that we know of, "pardon me for this horrible deceit!"

"Oh!" cried Felix," it has saved me from death!"

"What did I tell you?" said Raymond, looking at the Countess.

"Meanwhile," put in Felix, "I am still the happiest of men!"

"And nevertheless you have known ill-luck."

"No," said Felix, "since mine was only sham."

"What is the difference, if your grief was genuine?"

"Oh! yes! It was altogether genuine, and very deep."

"Well, remember it when you find yourself too happy!"

* * * * * * * * *

A year afterwards, Felix was the father of a charming little daughter, whom he called Felicite.

And if you should speak to him of ill-luck, he will reply that it is an invention of the philanthropists.

* * * * * * * * *

But where is the denoument?

Dear reader, the denoument will be found at the commencement of this history, which cannot fail to please those who begin novels at the end.

Do you remember that famous storm scene which prevented the Count and his wife from going to the country?

That was their first real stroke of ill-luck. This was the second: One evening when they had gone to the Opera to hear "Guillaume Tell," they gave the first act of "Le Serment," the second act of "La Tentation," and the third act of "Moise,"—every *role* in the hands of sticks!

As to the third stroke of ill-luck, it was much more serious.

A neighbor built one day a lofty wall before the house they occupied in the country, in such fashion as to shut out from them the view of the horizon, which, from habit, they had made one of their chief delights.

Further, it sometimes happens that Felix hears in the street a horrible organ massacre the air that he has heard the evening before admirably sung at the Theatre Italien.

On those days he believes in fate, and returns home firmly convinced that he is the most unlucky of men!

A FRAGMENT.

BY EDWIN SOMERVILLE.

Tell me maiden—should thy sweetheart
Steal from thee a sudden kiss,
How wouldst thou reprove his boldness
And his acting thus amiss?
Wouldst thou flout him? Wouldst thou scold him?
Wouldst thou treat him with disdain?
Wouldst thou— "Hear me! If I loved him,
I'd but steal it back again!"

THE CABBY'S STORY.

BY CHARLES NOEL.

"You see, sir," he said, after I paid him, "we cabbies 'sperience life, sir. It's all excitement, all romance with us, sir. Why, sir, if I was one of these here Dickenses or Captain Marryatts or such like yarners, I could fill a whole cab chuck full of such period'cals and not half try either. I've got all the ideas sir—only want the slap dash. There ain't a night passes but what some of us fellows sees sights 'd do for a theatre. Talk about romance. Taking drunken men home at five in the mornin' and goin' to funerals, the schoolin' for us, sir! Oh! if these here cabs and horses could only talk, what tales they'd tell. There's sly carryin's on inside when the curtains is up and sometimes mournfulness that's like to shake you up, if you didn't get used to it. If you only had time to hear me, sir, I could give you a little somethin' now in the tragedy line—in the crack of a whip—somethin' that happened to me th'other night—night afore last I think—no—whew—it was last week, dash me if t'wasn't."

"Well, let's hear it."

He threw a blanket over his steaming horses, patted the flank of one of them and began glibly.

"'I was the night it rained so, poured rather. I got soaked through and through afore I'd time to put on my oil cloth—for I'd been out all the arternoon follerin' a hearse at a dog-trot, and I no sooner gets in when up comes a gent lookin' as if he'd just come out of the sewer all drippin' and shinin' with water in the light of my cab lamps, and he yells out—'Here man! Let me in!' I says, well, tumble in, mister, there's a stove inside! and I jumps down, opens the door, and in he pops. Says he, speakin' from the winder—I see his face now, a fine face, sir, fine eyes, too, splendid wild eyes, like Edwin Booth's, sir. Says he, 'dy'e know where what-d'y's-call-it-street is?' It's nobody's business about the real name of the street, so it don't matter. I says, yes, sir, I know all the streets! Then, says he,'Drive to 38th and what-d'ye-call-it-street as quick as you can! Get there in half an hour I'll give you ten dollars! Quick now!' Well to say I was quick would be injurin' me sir. Quick's no word. The horses just draw'd a long breath and gave a histe and there we were! There we were, right afore a big church all lighted up, and a cab standin' at the gate. The gent didn't say nothin', but opened the door hisself and hands me my ten like a gentleman and darts out like a flash and up through the gate like lightnin'. Says I to myself, here's fun, what's up! So I ties the horses and slides up into the church to see what was goin' on. When I gets to the door I looks in and there I sees the church chuck full of people and everybody buzzin' and talkin' and murmurin' just like at the circus afore the band strikes up, and there was lots of gents out in the vestibule all dressed off smart in claw hammer coats and party rig, bouquets in their button holes, kid gloves and sich like sickishness. When they sees me they puts on lots of airs and one feller says to me, says he, 'There's no admission here—nobody's allowed in!' I says, oh, I'm only waitin' on a gent what's got a carriage outside, that's all. 'Well,' says he, 'you can't stand here; you must go down stairs and wait.' So I goes down and waits in the entry a bit, till I begins to feel more curious than ever and I sneaks up again to see if the coast is clear and that I may get a peep at the show, for I felt sure somethin' was goin' on, and that somethin' I knew what that air was, nothing but that of a weddin'. But I kept wonderin' where my gent had gone. I didn't see him nowhere. The airy fellers hadn't all left the vestibule, so I concluded not to venture yet, and I went down stairs again. Then I heard a cab stop in front of the church and then another, and in a few minutes in comes a lot of gay sports and wimmen fixed off to kill. I could see their shiny silks through their water proofs. First come a deuced pretty woman leanin' on a tall, stylish gent's arm; then come an elderly lady with as pretty a little girl by her side as ever I seed, and then came a lot of dandies an' gals, and they all passed up stairs. It smelt like a flower-garden. When they all got up the rain came down harder than ever. Oh! how it did pour. Then I heard the organ playin' and I thinks to myself, nows the time to see the sport. So I went up stairs again and up another flight of stairs into the gallery. That was crowded too, but I managed to get a peep of the front of the church and could see all the faces there as plain as plain could be. But I didn't catch a sight of my gent. I got kind of excited thinkin' about him for I was puzzlin to know where he went, and whether they'd let him in in his wet clothes and all that, when all of a sudden the organ stops playin' and the minister comes marchin' in solemn, in his white cravat. Then there was an awful buzzin' and shufflin' and some of the dashed fools in front of me climbed upon the backs of the seats and kept scrougin' one another to get a good look at the ceremony. I must say I follow'd suit and clem up on the edge of a pew and got a bully view.

"Up the aisle comes the procession. First, the tall feller, and by his side in white the pretty woman; after comes two and two a lot of fancy ducks and fellers in full feather. I sees the elderly lady go up the aisle too with the pretty little girl, and they go into a pew and sit down and make themselves at home.

"Everything got awful quiet, and all you could hear was the rain roarin' on the roof. It was awful solemn, sir—and excitin', too. Well, the minister began to say somethin', when just then I heard a shout that made me nearly tremble. A man's voice called out: 'Stop! Stop! In the name of God!' And right up in the midst of the fancy crowd rushes a man. My gent! Sir! His eyes glarin', his right arm held out, his clothes drippin' with water, his face as white as a sheet! 'Stop! In God's name!' Well, I tell you there was a fuss just then all around. Everybody was excited, and some wimmen screamed and some men called out. I kept strainin' my eyes to see what the rumpus was about. I sees the tall man—the bridegroom I suppose—turn sudden around, and give a yell—and cry out: 'What is this? What is this?' As for the bride, she just cavd in. I saw 'em carryin' her out! She'd fainted! Then a lot of men rushed up the aisle and grabbed my gent; but, I tell you, he was game! He pushed them off, and cried out in a voice like an actor: 'Listen to me—in the presence of heaven—listen to me!' By jimney, sir, do you know when he said that, everything got quiet again! It's so! Everybody was on tip-toe to hear him! He was a stunner, he was. For five seconds everything was as silent as a tomb, and then he spoke. And he did speak. I tell you I never heard such speakin' in my born days, sir. It beat the theatre, sir! Says he, as near as I can recollect: 'This ceremony must not go on! Shall not! In God's own house I say to you it shall not! If you ask why, I say I can give good reasons.' He turns around and he faces the back of the church where we are; when, all of a sudden, the pretty little girl in the pew gives a scream and cries out something, leaps up and runs towards my gent, the elderly lady grabs her and pulls her back. Then there's another commotion, and I don't see nothin' anymore, for the crowd in front of me jams me back and I stumbles down from where I'm standin', and all I hears is a screamin' and cryin', and a little girl's voice crying out, 'Father, father!'

"You ought to have been there, sir! It was deep! deep, sir! I pushes as fast as I could through the people, and crushes my way down the gallery stairs like a madman and into the vestibule again, and jams and tugs through the crowd there, for it was full there, too, and tries to get, a peep into the church down stairs. But its no go. I hear a horrible racket in the church, but I can't see a thing. So I runs down stairs and takes a look out of doors to see if the horses are all right. It's still pourin'. I comes back and I hears a tramplin' of feet louder and louder, and then out from the down stairs room of the church darts my gent, holding the little girl in his arms and after him a furious crowd. He'd run out through the vestry room the back way. I tell you I was scared! but I was in for helpin' him. I liked the chap! 'Here you are, sir!' I sings out. 'This way quickerin a jiffy!' He stares at me as he runs past and darts out into the rain, and I after him, and in two seconds he's in the cab with the little girl, and we're tearin' down the street like fury.

"'Faster, faster!' he yells. 'Drive like the devil!'

"'But where am I to drive?' I asks, slackenin' up a bit.

"'To the ferry.'

"'What ferry?'

"'Any ferry!'

"'Don't you know where you want to go, sir?' asks I.

"He won't answer. He's talkin' to the little girl. I hear him talkin' softly to her, and then I hear her say, 'Dear father!'

"Then he calls up to me:

"'Drive to the Market street ferry and leave us! Start your horses up for God's sake! They're after us!'

"That was so, for I heard the rattlin' of a cab bearin' down the street behind us, so I gives the hosses a cut, and turns down a side street and goes it like steam.

"When we gets to the ferry it doesn't rain so hard and he gets out and carries the little girl to the gate, and then he came to me and says, with a kind of laugh: 'You were on time. You're a good fellow—here.' And he hands me—I'm tellin' the truth, sir —two ten dollar bills. I says, 'Thank you all the same, sir,—but its too much. I'd rather not——' 'Don't say that,' says he, walkin' off; 'its not enough!' And he goes into the waitin' room with her.

"I never saw him again; but last night Joe Booker, what drives No. 3300, told me all about it. It turns out he drove the bridal party up, and it was him what was follow'n' us down. He sed, this here gent had married an awfully handsome girl, and that pretty little thing I'd seed with him was their only child. The mother was a regular devil, Joe said; ran through his money and flirted around, and finally she falls in love with some dandy, and it fretted my gent so much that he got a divorce, they say, but I don't know whether he did or not. However, he went away. But he couldn't get his child. This pretty demon sent the little one away to parts unbeknown, but somehow it happened, he got wind through a friend of his, a fellow who was spying around where the child was, and so he, hearin' that she was going to be at a stylish wedding with her grandmother on that air night—he comes up from the country to take her away. The law gives him the child, you know. And so when he gets to the church, sure enough, there's the child; but what must have riled him like the deuce, there, too, was an old friend of his, who was goin' to marry a handsome woman, and that handsome woman—by jimeny, sir, they beat satan, these wimmen—was his wife. That's all."

PERSONAL.

Miss Schurz is said to be a Washington belle.

New York pays $30,000 nightly for amusements.

The grand piano upon which Beethoven used to play is for sale.

Millais gets more for his pictures than any other artist in England.

Frank H. Wade, of this city, is looming up as a popular song writer.

Miss Maud Granger is the handsomest actress on the American stage.

The New York *Tribune* critic is the Winter of Anna Dickinson's discontent.

Ex-Gov. Andy Curtin looks more like a Methodist minister than a politician.

Who is responsible for the rumor that Donn Piatt is going to marry Dr. Mary Walker?

Bartley Campbell, the dramatist and novel writer, talks at the rate of 150 words per minute.

Owen Fawcett, the well known comedian, is the son of a Philadelphia theatrical wig maker.

Col. A. K. McClure, of the *Times*, is the tallest journalist in Philadelphia, and Frank Gibbon, of the *Evening Chronicle*, the shortest one.

Geo. Alfred Townsend is the modern Noah's dove. He is always on the wing, and finds no rest for the sole of his foot anywhere.

It is said that Sothern, the great Dundreary, engaged Ed. Marble, the comedian, so that he might have at least one man of weight in his company.

Ole Bull has one child, a daughter six years of age. She is now at the home of Mr. Thorpe, Wis., and already is being educated for a violinist.

Miss Kate Claxton, according to the *Saturday Evening Mirror*, of this city, is not destined for the flames. What pleasure this assurance must give the champion Louise.

Dr. Schliemann, on his arrival in London last week, was accorded a brilliant reception, at which Alfred Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Houghton and a host of other celebrities were present.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart is carrying out the original designs of Architect Harris for the construction of the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga Springs. About one hundred men are now employed on the building.

Miss Adelaide Neilson is said to cry so heartily while she is playing Juliet and Imogen, that the briny drops drip down upon her delicately-tinted robes and spoil them, causing many renewals of the young lady's wardrobe.

Queen Victoria sent £5 from her private purse to Captain Wilson, of New Orleans, who in 1850 saved the crew and passengers of the emigrant ship Connaught. Such excessive benevolence will doubtless forego a new spring dress.

Clara Louise Kellogg always carries her own coffee pot and coffee along with her, and concocts her own poison. She does this to avoid troubling the hotel keepers. Clara is constantly in a state of nervous trepidation for fear she will trouble somebody.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city, have just issued Alexander Dumas's novel, "The Man With Five Wives." This romance is in its gifted author's usual style, and literally bristles with taking points and situations for all who are fond of exciting reading. The plot is strong and managed with great ingenuity. The Messrs. Peterson have also published the Countess of Blessington's novel entitled "Country Quarters," which is the initial volume of their charming dollar series of good fictions. We will notice "Country Quarters" in our next issue.

Potter's American Monthly, for May, has reached us as full of entertaining reading-matter as usual. The leading article, "The Monumental City—Baltimore, Old and New," is richly illustrated and will be found highly interesting. The paper on "Architectural Progress," describing Early Christian, Roman and Byzantine architecture, is full and instructive, and has a wealth of finely-executed engravings. A. R. Lancaster, the celebrated New York dramatic critic, contributes his fourth article on "The American Drama," which is, like everything that comes from his able pen, brilliant and good. The remaining stories and miscellaneous articles are all that could be desired.

That bright journal, the Chicago *Saturday Evening Herald*, says: "Daudet, the author of 'Sidonie,' is said to be about to publish a new novel called the 'Nabob.' Now let Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co. and the Chicago translator of 'Sidonie,' Mr. W. P. Morras, hold themselves 'ready for a spring,' and possibly they may get in ahead this time." No use, gentlemen. "The Nabob" has already been announced for several months by two firms, namely: Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, and Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston. Mrs. Mary Neal Sherwood, who so horribly mangled "Sidonie" for the Boston firm, will also bulldoze "The Nabob" for them. Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Hooper, now in Paris, will translate the work for the Messrs. Lippincott, and no doubt, will give them all that Daudet writes and as he writes it.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, will shortly issue "Chedayne," a new novel, by Ausburn Towner, one of the editors of the Elmira (N. Y.) *Advertiser*. Mr. Towner wields a graceful pen on his paper and ought to write a good novel. Those who read "Chedayne" in MS. pronounced it of more than ordinary interest and merit. It is a historical romance, and takes its name from a border hero of Indian blood, who served on Gen. Washington's staff. The scene is laid in the Wyoming Valley, when rival settlers were disputing with the bullet, their title to the soil under the conflicting grants of Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and the action is said to be mainly close to historic fact. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. also announce new editions of E. P. Roe's stories, and state that nearly 30,000 copies of his popular works have been sold within the past six months. Mr. Roe's new story, "A Knight of the XIX Century," now publishing in the *New York Christian Advocate*, is written with all the vigor and attractiveness of his former works.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, have one of the largest publication establishments in the United States, and in extent of trade do not yield the palm to any firm in the republic. They issue works in all departments of literature, from choice romances for fiction lovers to ponderous tomes of reference for the learned, and on their ample shelves almost any book in vogue may be found. A host of courteous and gentlemanly salesmen wait on all customers and inquirers with uniform politeness, whilst the entire establishment is under the supervision of Mr. Walter Lippincott, a genial gentleman, whose thorough knowledge of literature and the book publishing business enables him to direct the vast interests under his charge with wisdom and profit. Among the Messrs. Lippincott's publications is *Lippincott's Magazine*, the May number of which has just reached our table. It is richly illustrated, and contains a wealth of reading matter suitable for all varieties of cultured taste. Among the articles may be named "Down the Rhine," "Parisian Club Life" and "Damned Plays," all of which are vastly interesting. George Macdonald's "Marquis of Lossie" is continued, and fully sustains its interest. But all the articles are good, and worthy of an attentive reading.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

Ridicule is the test of truth.—*Lord Shaftesbury.*

Moments of triumph are not always moments of happiness.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

The deepest of our thoughts and emotions are always dumb.—*J. G. Holland.*

Do what you can, being what you are. Shine like a glow-worm, if you can't be a star.—*Anon.*

There is a past which is gone forever. But there is a future which is still our own. —*F. W. Robertson.*

There are moments when the heart, as if by prophecy, reaches into the future, and grasps the miseries of a lifetime.

Alas! how many sorrows, that we think we can never become accustomed to, have to be accepted, as a part of our daily lives. —*Grace Wyatt.*

An elevated purpose is a good and ennobling thing, but we cannot begin at the top of it. We must work up to it by the difficult path of daily duty.—*Mrs. Croly.*

Charity, or love, is the connecting link which unites earth to heaven, and man to man. While this remains secure, justice, benevolence, truth, conscientiousness, will form parts of that beauteous whole, without which the bonds of society must be uprooted, and this earth relapse into a second chaos.

Our success in life generally bears a direct proportion to the exertions we make; and if we aim at nothing, we shall certainly achieve nothing. By the remission of labor and energy it often happens that poverty and contempt, disaster and defeat, steal a march upon prosperity and honor, and overwhelm us with reverses and shame.

If Your Hair is Falling Out, and you begin to dread baldness, try at once Dr. Jayne's Hair Tonic. It cleanses and stimulates the scalp, and so promotes the growth of new hair; it is also a useful dressing for the hair, and gives it a comely appearance, besides strengthening it.

Important and Interesting.—Send stamp for our circular. How to save fuel and have a steady heat, defective drafts and Smokey Chimneys cured, comfort and economy in housekeeping. Colford & Co., 726 Sansom street, Philadelphia. It will interest you. Send for it.

"GOOD-BYE!"

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE

"Good-bye!" they said, "Good-bye!" and turned away.
A cold wind tossed the naked branches high
Above their heads; one streak of ruddy gold
Smote the dead languor of the Winter sky.
The fallen leaves—a pale, unlovely heap—
Flew rustling round; upon the distant spire
A gilded vane that nestled in the trees
Flashed as it, whirling, caught the sunset fire.

"Good-bye!" she said. Her tones were clear and cool;
She raised her eyes and looked him in the face,
Smiling as hearts unstricken only smile,
And left her hand in his a little space.
"Good-bye!" he said—how softly, sadly said,
With only one slight pressure of her hand
Ere she withdrew it carelessly, and eyes
That kept their bitter secret at command!

The dead leaves danced around her as she went
Her way toward the fading West, nor turned
Back, e'en in thought, to see the path he took,
Nor any want nor any loss discerned.
"Good-bye!"—to her a word alone, to him
Hope's final death-knell. As she left his sight—
Eager to keep her—dark and dead, and dumb
Over the sunset fell the early night.

Oh, there are partings harder to be borne
Than when two hearts are breaking! She is gone
From him for ever with a laugh, and he
Must loving grieve, and grieving love alone.

The Poetess;

OR,

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

We will introduce the reader to a small, but elegant apartment, furnished with books, musical instruments, drawing implements, writing materials, and all the other etceteras which adorn a modern *boudoir*, where sat a young lady of about six-and-twenty. She was not decidedly handsome; yet there was too much intellect expressed in her features for her to be denominated plain. Her figure was tall—perhaps too tall to be quite feminine; but it was so perfectly graceful, that her height could scarcely be deemed a detriment to her personal appearance.

Isabel Egerton had been writing, but the pen had unconsciously dropped from her hand, and her thoughts were wandering amongst bygone scenes, and conjuring up forms and faces which were once familiar. Perchance a word or a name had awakened these memories, but be that as it may, the recollection forced some glistening drops, which trickled through the fingers of her left hand as she leaned her head upon it.

"Shall I disturb you, dear Isabel?" asked a soft voice, as the door of the apartment was gently opened a few inches, and a bright blooming face just peeped through the narrow aperture.

The lady addressed started and looked up. "Come in, dearest Effy," she replied, dashing the tears from her cheek, and endeavoring to conceal their traces by stooping to pick up the fallen pen.

"Oh, I've such news, Bella," cried her sister, now throwing the door wide open, and triumphantly holding up a periodical. "I have just lighted on such a glorious review. I don't know how it was that it escaped us when we were searching that magazine yesterday."

"Read it, Effy," returned Isabel, in a tone so forced and unnatural, that her companion, looking at her in anxiety and alarm, inquired, "Are you ill, Bella?"

"Ill—no," and she tried to laugh. "What makes you think I am ill?"

"Oh, you seem so unlike yourself. Have I put to flight some of your poetic thoughts? If I have, pray pardon me. I was so delighted with these remarks that I could not help coming to show them to you."

"You are very kind, Effy," returned her sister, drawing her to a seat by her side, and laying her head affectionately on her shoulder; you are all kindness, and now I am all attention."

Euphemia read the review, glancing round every minute, as she did so, to communicate her pleasure by the expression of her countenance; but, to her disappointment and concern, her smile met no response; nay, despite of her efforts to repress them, Isabel's tears at length began to fall in copious streams.

"What is the matter with you, my dear, dear Bella?" her sister now exclaimed, throwing down the pamphlet, and twining her arms around her neck.

"Nothing, but that I am very foolish."

"But there must be a cause for these tears."

"Have you never wept without exactly knowing why, Effy?"

"No. I really don't think I ever did. Surely that is not your case."

"It is."

"Then I suppose they are feelings peculiar to a poetess."

"No, sister, they have nothing to do with the poetess—they are all the woman."

"You are a strange creature, Bella; I don't know how to make you out. I thought it would give you so much pleasure, and encourage you so, to hear these favorable opinions of your productions."

"Well, my dear, it has given me pleasure, and I do feel encouraged; but, to own the truth, there are times when I do wish I had never written a line."

"You astonish me!"

"I never made the confession before, Effy, but I have often felt that I would gladly give all my pleasures in exchange for yours."

"Is it possible that you can be in earnest?"

"I am, indeed. What are all my lonely, selfish pleasures, compared with those you feel in making others happy, and in enjoying their affection?"

"But you do not live unloved, dear Bella."

"Oh, no, I hope not. But——"

"And you have the means of conferring great happiness, though it is of a different kind to that I give."

"True; but there is nothing like domestic affection, to fill the heart of woman. Oh, Effy, I would yield all the triumphs of fame, for the joy I see you experiencing every hour of the day. The pleasure I derive from this flattering eulogium on my talent is not half so great as that I saw you enjoying this very morning, while caressing your infant. You little thought how I was envying you."

"Little indeed," replied her sister, laughing. "Why, I supposed you were too much engrossed with your books. But if you think that domestic pleasures are so desirable, why don't you marry?"

Isabel did not answer.

"I am sure," pursued Mrs. Selwyn, her sister, "you have no lack of admirers. Surely you could find one amongst them with whom you would be happy."

"Admirers?" the poetess repeated.

"Well, by admirers I mean lovers."

"No, Euphemia, admirers are not lovers. It is one thing to admire a woman, and another to love her."

"True, but in common parlance, admirers are lovers, and I meant that you had plenty of suitors; enough to satisfy any young woman, I think."

"Yes, my dear sister, I have more than I desire; but not one of them really loves me. They admire my genius; they think it would be a triumph to marry a woman who has been flattered and courted as I have been; but not one of them loves me."

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked Mrs. Selwyn, looking earnestly in her sister's face.

"Quite sure."

"Well, as I do not pretend to be able to read the heart, I cannot say that I think I am right; but I think I could answer for one of them."

"And who may that be?" Isabel asked, in a tone which betrayed some agitation.

"Oh, you can guess, Bella! Your own heart tells you whom I mean. I am sure you do by your voice; so don't attempt to deny it."

"Indeed, you are mistaken. I repeat what I before said, that I believe not one of those gentlemen, whom you are pleased to call my suitors, loves me—loves me as I desire to be loved—as I must be loved, if I ever marry—loves me for myself—as a woman—not as a poetess."

"Well, I can sympathize with you there, dearest Bella. I quite agree with you that affection, so called forth, is the only foundation on which domestic happiness can be built. But it does not follow because you are more highly gifted than women in general, that you should not be capable of inspiring such affection. I know you would make home happy with some congenial spirit—one who could appreciate you. And is it possible," she asked, after a pause—"is it possible that you have never seen such a one?"

Isabel made no reply; but the flush which rose to her cheek was seen by Euphemia.

"You have, my dear sister, I am sure you have," she rejoined; "come, confess. I thought you had no secrets from me?"

"Nor have I, dear Effy. You are in error. It is true," she said, earnestly, "I once thought there was one, but it was a mistake. He did not appreciate me. He took me to be what I never was, never could be—a vain, heartless woman—feeding greedily on applause—gasping after fame. There, there," she hurriedly added, "you must not probe me any deeper. The wound is healing, but it is a little sore still. Run and see if you are wanted in your nursery, and leave me to finish my stanza."

As Isabel spoke, she gently withdrew herself from her sister's encircling arm, and took up the neglected pen, upon which Euphemia, smiling through struggling tears, rose to comply with her wishes.

* * * * * * * * *

"What has become of your college friend, Mr. Thornton? I've not seen him here for a long time!" asked Mrs. Selwyn, addressing her husband, when they were alone together in the evening.

"He is going abroad for a year or two," was the reply. "He told me so the last time he was here, but I don't think he has gone yet. What makes you ask, Effy?"

"Going abroad!" repeated the lady without heeding the question. "What is he going abroad for?"

"What do young gentlemen go abroad for in general? I suppose he is going for the purpose of seeing the world, and studying men and manners."

"Nay, he has some other motive than that, I fancy."

"Perhaps you know better than I do, my dear? But that was the reason he gave me."

"You don't suppose that I am in his confidence, I hope!" cried Euphemia, laughing. "The fact is," she added, putting on a graver aspect, "I have a notion that he and my sister Bella like each other—I mean love each other—but that they don't understand one another."

"So you want to bring about a meeting, and set them right! Is that it?"

"Well, is there any harm in that?"

"No, not exactly harm, my love. You are doubtless prompted by an affectionate, sisterly spirit; but I have a very great aversion to anything like matchmaking or maneuvring, let the motive be what it may."

"You cannot dislike such things more than I do, my dear Robert," answered Mrs. Selwyn. "But now just put the case to yourself, and suppose that you and I, five or six years ago, had taken some foolish fancy into our heads, and that it had led us to think we did not love each other, or were not suited for each other—would you not have thanked any kind friend who would have put us right?"

Here the lady looked affectionately in her husband's face, and finding it difficult to parry her question he only smiled.

"I am sure you would," she rejoined. "And now I shall think you very selfish if you won't do a similar kind act to serve a friend."

"What do you wish me to do, Effy?"

"Only to ask Mr. Thornton to come and spend a few days here, before he sets out on his travels."

"And tell him it is at your particular request?"

"No! that would never do; he would think Bella had something to do with it, and she must not have a notion that such a thing is in contemplation. If she thought we sent for him, I verily believe she would receive him as coldly as if she were a piece of marble."

"I had no idea of any attachment of the sort," said Mr. Selwin, "I never saw anything like preference on either side."

"That is because you are very dull in such things; we ladies are more quick-sighted. I saw it clearly."

"Ah, you're very clever, Effy; but how is it, if they love each other as you say they do, that they do not understand each other."

"Oh! Mr. Thornton has got a notion into his head that women of genius are necessarily unfitted for domestic life; he said as much to me, and I stoutly opposed it, little suspecting, however, at that time that he had any liking for Isabel; but I found it out afterwards, and I think it a great pity that such a notion should separate them, for I am sure he would make her a good husband—I admire his character exceedingly."

"Well, I do believe that Frank Thornton would make any reasonable woman happy," Mr. Selwin responded. "But have you any good ground for supposing that your sister is attached to him?"

"Yes, I have, though she has made no confession on the point. Indeed, she has been less communicative since I have worn this ring," she added, smiling, and holding up her left hand. "It is a general idea, you know, that married ladies cannot keep secrets, and I think there is some truth in the assertion."

"Then, after all, your discovery only amounts to a surmise, Effy."

"Nay, it amounts to a broad guess, at all events—something bordering on certainty."

"Then I suppose you must have your own way," he returned. "I don't know how it is, but you generally do, though I cannot say that you ever in one single instance demanded it."

"Oh! I know a better way of getting it than demanding it," replied the young wife, laughing.

The foregoing conversation will, we think, have explained the history of the sisters, as well as developed their characters, which, though equally amiable, were widely different. It was a delicate affair Mrs. Selwyn had taken in hand. Some shrewd matrons would have contrived meetings which would seem accidental, and then they would have whispered what was said by one party in confidence to the other; but she purposed no such thing; her plan was to bring the lovers within reach of each other, and then leave them to act for themselves. This she thought the safest, as well as the most honorable course.

Mr. Selwyn's invitation was accepted by Mr. Thornton, and he was received with frank hospitality. Isabel, it must be allowed, was a little distant, but not so much so as she would have been had she been aware of the purpose for which the visit was planned. A short residence under the same roof with an individual will often show more of the true character than very many occasional meetings, especially if those meetings are in public or mixed society. Mr. Thornton had now an opportunity of judging more correctly of the fair poetess than he had hitherto done. The consequence was that his eagerness to go abroad began to abate a little; but as he had actually made several preparations for his tour, he could not express any hesitation on the matter; and his departure was, therefore, talked of every day.

"I hope, Mr. Thornton," said Mrs. Selwyn, as she and her sister were, one evening, sitting with him in the recess of a bay-window, watching the sun set—"I hope you will not come back from your tour infected with the prevailing mania for despising everything English. It's the fashion now-a-days, I find, for young gentlemen who have traveled to be so in love with French manners, German literature, and Italian scenes and music, that they are no longer deserving of the name of Englishmen."

Her guest smiled.

"I presume you never met with any one who preferred foreign to English ladies," he observed.

"There, hold your tongue; I did not fish for that compliment," the lady exclaimed. "I think it probable that their taste in that respect is vitiated likewise, though they are not truthful enough to tell us so. English women are suited to English scenes and English homes; and if they lose their relish for the one, they are not likely to be very well satisfied with the other. You are no cosmopolite at present, I think," she added, "for I heard you, only this morning, reading (and I imagined thoroughly enjoying) Scott's beautiful lines:

> 'Is there a man with soul so dead.'

Our poets have all true British hearts. Love of country is one of their characteristics. What says our sweet Cowper?—

> "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
> My country, and while yet a nook is left,
> Where English minds and manners may be found,
> Shall be constrained to love thee.'

And what our Thomson?—

> "Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
> Inspiring vigor, Liberty abroad
> Walks unconfined, e'en to thy farthest cots,
> And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.'

Oh I could go on quoting like that all the evening!"

"And after all, perhaps, fail in accomplishing your purpose, if it be to make Mr. Thornton a convert to your opinion," said Isabel, laughing.

"Nay, I am not quite so pertinacious as you suppose me to be, Miss Egerton," he rejoined. "I am always open to conviction. If I go, I hope it will be to return with a just estimate of the advantages and defects of other countries, and a true appreciation of the blessings of my own."

"Well, if you do that, no one can with reason complain of you," said Isabel. "Enthusiastic as my sister is in her love for old England, she is not incapable of that enlarged benevolence which leads us to sympathize with every human being in every clime; for such sympathies are not, I think, in the slightest degree incompatible with patriotism."

"We might, with as much reason, say that we cannot sympathize with our neighbors and friends, because we have a home circle which claims our warmest affections," Thornton rejoined.

The conversation next turned upon English homes—the firesides of the last century, and those of the present day. Mr. Thornton could not cordially admire the prim manners and methodical usages of the former period; and he was far from desiring that the attentions of females should be wholly confined to household economy and the nursery; still, he thought it preferable to the modern system of education, which, he said, fitted women for nothing better than to make a display of themselves.

Isabel said little, though she listened with much interest; but Mrs. Selwyn took it upon herself to vindicate the ladies of the present day from the charge of frivolity.

"What say you, Robert—you shall be umpire?" she said, addressing her husband, who now entered the room.

"I must know what the subject of dispute is before I can determine," he laughingly returned.

"Yes, certainly. Well, Mr. Thornton and I were talking of the education of ladies. He threw down the gauntlet in the cause of the starched dames of the old school; and I took it up in defence of the new."

"Ah, you want a moderator, I see," he cried, drawing a chair beside his wife. "I should have thought Bella would have decided the case, for I am sure she could bring matters to a just balance between you. However, as she pleases to be silent, I will do it myself."

Isabel only smiled.

"It is my opinion," he began, affecting to look very grave,—"it is my opinion that woman has yet to learn her true position in society. I speak, of course, of the sex in general—present company are always excepted. Woman has been by turns made an idol, a household drudge, a plaything, and, in short, almost everything but what she was designed to be; but it was all our own fault. Give her the mental education which will fit her to be man's companion; give her those accomplishments which will sweeten her own lonely hours, and make those of her husband cheerful; give her the domestic training which will enable her to discharge home duties with credit to herself and comfort to him; and add to these that moral and religious teaching which will most effectually regulate her conduct in all. Give woman these advantages, I say, and then we shall find there will be less frequenting of club-houses and places of public amusement, and all such unhealthy, exciting scenes. Man will become a domestic animal; and the world will have made a rapid stride in its onward progress towards perfection."

"Well done, Selwyn," exclaimed Thornton. "You have indeed drawn a just balance between the two schools; but you have put in a few very necessary additional weights. What do you say, my dear madam?" he added, addressing Euphemia.

"Oh, of course I submit to the judgment of my husband," she answered laughing.

"I don't wish you to do that, my dear," said Mr. Selwyn. "Freedom of thought is the birthright of every individual, and I don't see why women should not enjoy it as well as we lords of creation. I would only have them open to conviction, and not too proud to confess when in error."

"Jesting, aside, I agree with you in every particular," said the lady seriously.

"Ah, I know you do, my love," he rejoined; "and so does our silent, thinking Bella. Indeed, I frankly confess," he added, looking at the ladies, "I have founded my observations on home experience and drawn my picture from life."

Whilst the above-related conversation was carried on, the sun had made his exit, and the shadows of the twilight were deepening into night. The day had been sultry, but a fresh breeze was now stirring; and Mrs. Selwyn proposed a stroll in the garden. No proposal could have been so welcome to her guest; for he just then felt disposed to say something which he could not say in the presence of two of the party. The shrewd reader will, perhaps, guess for which of the trio the communication was designed; if not, we will reveal this much: He contrived to detain the fair poetess, under pretext of watching the rising moon, whilst her sister and her husband wandered on to another part of the grounds. Then a conversation was carried on in low, subdued tones; so we cannot be expected to repeat it; nay, it would probably make a disjointed, or even a ludicrous appearance in print; for declarations of love and offers of marriage (which from the sequel we conclude to have been the substance of the *tete-a-tete*) are not often either made or received in set phrases. A glance, a smile, a pressure of the hand, frequently answers the purpose of a lengthy speech; and, strange enough, this unspoken language is generally understood quite as well, or better, than the most eloquent words would be.

The result of this evening's conversation was a change in Mr. Thornton's plans. His ardor for visiting foreign scenes, and studying foreign manners and foreign languages, suddenly abated; and he lingered in the vicinity of the country-seat of his college friend, even after he quitted it as a guest. Some months subsequently there was a little commotion in the house. The ladies were exceedingly busy with mantua-makers and milliners; and one bright morning the fair poetess was led forth, clad in bridal ornaments, to pledge her faith to one who, to own the truth, had long held her heart captive.

Thornton now set out on his trip to the Continent; but he was accompanied by his gifted bride, whose rare mental endowments, and true appreciation of the sublime and beautiful in nature, gave every scene a double charm.

It was not, however, amid these intellectual pleasures that Isabel's husband discovered her truest worth; but on their return, in the quietude of that hallowed spot called home, in hours when his spirits were jaded, and sometimes irritated by contact with the rough world without;—for it is then that woman becomes, in the fullest and strongest sense, the helpmate of man; it is then that she feels she is most efficiently fulfilling the high destiny for which she was created.

GLEAMS FROM THE LAND OF GOLD.

BY E. L. P.

The "Geyser" trip from San Francisco commences with a pleasant sail up the coast to Donahue; from thence the cars are taken to Healdsburg, and at Mr. Wright's excellent hotel we eat, drink and sleep, taking a blissful rest before girding on our armor for the "The Geysers." Leaving Healdsburg one bright morning at the "early bird" hour of five, we rode all day through a lovely country, first fording the Russian river and then ascending hills, for it is constantly "excelsior" traveling, with "the great mystery," if reached. The crags and peaks are sparkling in the sun with the quicksilver that pervades them. Far off lies the coast range, with its spires lost in the clouds, and its slopes and lines bathed in "the tenderest purple of the distance." Late in the afternoon we reach "The Geysers," that wild romantic spot, one of nature's greatest mysteries, lying in a deep canon, semi-circled with high mountains, giving it the appearance of an old crater. The volcanic power always in action,

> "When with inward fires and pain,
> Rise these bubbles from the plain,"

and the pile of thunderous vapor always o'ershadowing this weird panorama, fill the beholder with awe and reverential wonder.

The Geysers can be visited at any season of the year, as, even in mid-winter, there is not frost enough to chill the ever-blooming flowers; and in summer, the heat is tempered by deliciously cool breezes. We were received at a charmingly rural house covered with vines in bloom by Mr. Hollingsworth, one of the finest specimens of patriarchal beauty, who, with his majestic, dignified bearing, reminded me of the superb head of Michael Angelo's Moses. The view from the front of the house is fascinating in its mingling of beauty and horror. Far off, the hills, covered with oaks, form the background of the picture; while, beneath them lies the mysterious, awful canon, from which is constantly seen ascending the vapors from the boiling waters. Why is it that there is such a weird fascination about everything that is strange and uncanny? We read this charm in Gœthe's "Faust." We listen to it in Weber's "Der Freyschutz," and we gaze upon it in Dore's illustration of the "Inferno."

On the morning after our arrival we were awakened to go up and look upon a most enchanting scene. From the "Witches' Cauldron" was ascending a mass of silvery steam and vapor, whose undulating clouds of fleecy whiteness rolled up against the dark background of the hills, the snowy banks of beauty sparkling in the sun, while the deep bass of the roar of boiling water mingled with the warble of the bird's national hymn!

Soon we prepare to descend into the canon with thickest of thick boots, and shortest of short skirts; for miles are to be walked over molten lava, calcined stones and smoking sulphur. First, in our descent, we pass the baths; where one can be refreshed, on the return, by a steam bath, heated in nature's own boiler, and a little lake of warm mineral water, from which a plunge is taken into a cool invigorating pool. On we go, deeper and deeper into the shades; and only Dante's "Inferno" can describe this unearthly mingling of sulphurous vapors, molten lava and boiling springs:

> "There is a place in Hell called Malebolg,
> Made all of rock and of an iron stain,
> As is the circle which around it goes.
> The glow of Hell, and of a night bereft
> Of every star beneath a barren sky
> Gave not so thick a mantle to my sight
> As did the smoke which there surrounded me;
> Nor to the touch such crude development.
> The banks were crushed with a mouldiness
> From vapors below, which settle there,
> And give offence both to the eye and ear.
> Over the sandy plain, with lazy fall
> Wide-spreading flakes of fire were raining down,
> Like snow upon the Alps, where winds are still."

On we go through this unearthly chaos of boiling waters. Rocks burnt to a powder, but colored with the most vivid hues of crimson green and orange. Here one could well appreciate Eurydice's feelings, as she was borne by Pluto to his dark dominions; and we do not wonder at the Calvinistic taste that has christened a hollow seat in the rock, "The Devil's Arm-chair;" a boiling eddy of blackened waves, the "Devil's Inkstand," and a wild, grotto-like place, in which are about twenty different mineral springs, his infernal majesty's "Labratory." Soon we reach the "Pulpit" of *le diable*, and a scene lies before us of unsurpassed magnificence. Heaven and hell seemed to be mapped out to our vision in one sublime picture. Directly beneath us the realm of evil lies, so brilliant in coloring, with the white steam constantly rising between the gorgeously-stained cliffs, and the sulphurous fumes ascending, that we hope never again to see so actual an embodiment of the gloomy-visioned old Calvin's "eternal hells."

Far off in the distance lies Heaven; if only Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondence is true, and we may find there the same objects of beauty that have charmed our senses here only infinitely more glorious. As we gaze on the hills, covered with the silver pines and the "glad bright green" of the oaks, all tenderly touched with the rose hues of sunset, and where the river in the distance

> "Like a silvery snake lays out its coils,"

and bordered with verdure from which upspring the great white clusters of buckhorn, the tender blue flower the "pride of the Sierras," and the crimson oleander blooms, it is as if Heaven itself lay mapped before us, as Paradise is described:

> "Beauteous is all the plain,
> With delights blessed.
> The sunny bowers glitter,
> The groves are with produce hung
> With beauteous fruits;
> There a holy fragrance
> Rests on the pleasant land,
> On the grassy plain
> The laden branches stand green,
> Gloriously adorned
> Through the Holy's might."

But let us descend from this "Pulpit," from which such a vivid sermon has been preached, showing what we may "catch" if we *don't* behave, and what loveliness we may anticipate if we *do*, and visit the "Witch's Cauldron." This remarkable spring is about eight feet in diameter, but of unknown depth. Its temperature is two hundred and thirty degrees! (How very warm it must be between us and China by the inland routes). Here, at the "Cauldron," prosaic people stop and boil eggs; and how many such tourists does one meet, with strings in their pockets to measure everything; guide books in their hands, pointing out the correct objects for admiration, and hammers and chisels with which to clip off specimens, wherewith they break the backs and peril the souls of the poor poets, who call down fierce anathemas on "that trunk-full of rocks." From all this wild convulsion of nature let us turn our steps to the "Lover's Retreat," a lovely grove on the edge of the canon, offering in its shaded beauty so refreshing a contrast. And is not contrast the key-note of life? The teaching, the discipline of the soul? for how could we know joy but for sorrow, or pleasure, had we never felt pain.

As for an opinion on the geological formation of the Geysers, "when doctors disagree," can a woman decide? Professor Whitney supposes that the boiling of the waters is caused by volcanic heat retained in the rocks beneath; while another geologist thinks that these wonderful phenomena are the result of still slumbering volcanoes. Another that chemical action is accountable for the result; but whatever the cause may be the effect is wonderful; and grand beyond description. Let no tourist leave this glorious California without visiting the great Geysers. Such a vivid contrast as they are to the placid beauty of the lakes, and the regal magnificence of the mammoth tree groves. And we believe, the States bear away with him an image of perpetual loveliness by lingering awhile at Lake Tahoe, with its panorama of "the proud Sierras," over which a warm, dreamy hope settles, tinging them, as Emerson says, the south wind in May-days,

> "Tints the human countenance
> With a color of romance."

The quiet of the lake suggests and inspires the most perfect rest. The sea itself can be clear, in the sense that a mountain lake can be calm. The sea only seems to pause; the mountain lake to sleep and dream. And, as we turn away, our hearts with rapture re-echo the words of the Psalmist, "Out of the perfection of beauty God hath shined."

WASHINGTON CLERKSHIPS.

Bob Ingersoll has been telling the boys at Chicago the horrors of office-seeking, as he saw it at Washington and pointing out the things in this world that are better than clerkships. He was talking about civil-service reform and said: "We have in this country a multitude of little places, a multitude of clerkships in Washington, and the question is whether, on the incoming of the new Administration, these men shall be all turned out. In the first place, they are on starvation salaries—just barely enough to keep soul and body together and respectability on the outside—and if there is a young man in this audience I beg of him 'never take a clerkship in the city of Washington.' Don't you do it! Never do you put yourself where you have to duck your head and take off your hat to everybody else. Don't you do it. Don't put your happiness—don't put your fortune—in the power of another man's breath. Don't you do it. You never will have any manhood; you never will have any vertebra; you never will have any real, square spunk; you cannot have it; and you will lose confidence, and you will begin to think, if you cannot have a regular payment each month of $94.75, that you cannot possibly make a living in this world. It will take all the pluck out of you. You will have to live so pinched, so narrow, and so contracted that you will have to smoke a pipe all the week with the expectation of a five-cent cigar on Sunday. I beg of you not to discount your future; I beg of every young man, have the courage to take what comes, let it be feast or let it be famine, but don't sell the gift that fortune may have for you for a petty salary of $60 or $70 or $100 per month. Don't do it. Go West! I would rather have forty acres of land and a log-house with one room—yes, and the woman I love, and some lattice-work over the window, so that the sunlight would fall checkered on the baby in the cradle, and a few hollyhocks at the corner of the house—I would rather have that, and a nice path leading down to the spring, where I could go and hear the water gurgling; I would rather live there and die there than be a clerk of any government on earth. Now, all I mean by this civil-service reform is that if any poor devil has been so unfortunate as to get into that place, leave him there rather than to destroy somebody else every year."

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

The mysterious provision in the life of animals which is called instinct has always challenged the wonder of man, and piqued his curiosity as to its nature and operation. The carpenter-bee—as an instance hardly more striking than numberless others—never beholds her own young; but, after having laid her eggs, she deposits a store of food such as they will require, of a peculiar kind which she has never tasted since the larva-period of her own life, and dies. In the construction of the cell, too, there is marvelous forethought shown. It is bored with Herculean labor into wood, and the eggs are deposited, one after the other, in closely-sealed apartments, each with a ration of food. Her wisdom is not balked, even by the necessity that the first-laid eggs, at the bottom of the long tube, must hatch out their larvæ before the others; for she provides a back door for their exit at that end. The common theory is that instinct—apparently so wise and far-seeing—is a blind, mechanical impulse, implanted at the creation of the animal races for the preservation of life; and, viewing them in the wild state, the answer seems adequate.

Superiors and Inferiors.—From the relationship which exists between the superior and the inferior spring and should arise an infinite number of benefits, giving the strong the power of mothering the weak, giving the educated the pleasure of telling the ignorant that they know more than they do, giving men that have bounty the opportunity of exercising their spirit of beneficence. That is the law of God in human society. And so men in different conditions are enabled to help each other. The low need the high, and the high need the low. They interlace, not simply by compulsion, but by natural necessities and affiliations.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Brush for Cucumbers.—The cucumber is naturally a climber and not a creeping plant, and it always bears better when furnished with a brush or a trellis of lathes and strings for its support. Some brush, like those used for sticking peas, laid on the ground around the hill are better than no support.

Current and Gooseberry Cuttings.—Currant and gooseberry cuttings can now be set out at any time. Take the new wood of last year, six to twelve inches in length, and after the ground is prepared, push down four or five inches, and then press the soil firmly with the foot. Should you want a single stem and not a bush, cut out all the buds entering the ground. They are best planted in some shade, and they should be mulched or the ground stirred frequently.

How to Plant Lima Beans.—First, dig the holes three feet apart and level the ground and rake until the top of the hill is light and mellow, then with a crow-bar plunge a hole in the middle of the hill, and after the pole is firmly set put in the beans, setting them at equal distances apart, until you get around the outside of the hill, being sure to set each bean upon the edge with the eye downward. Planted in this way they will come up in a week to ten days sooner than they will to be planted at haphazard. The reason is that if they are planted with the other edge downward they must first take root and then turn clear around before they can get out of the ground and thus take at least a week's time, and this at the outset is a very important item. The beans first ready for picking will be those nearest the ground.

A Good Cement.—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, gives the following receipt for making a good cement: "A good cement for mending almost anything may be made by mixing together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. This cement is useful for mending stone jars, or any other coarse earthenware, stopping leaks in seams of tin pans or wash boilers, cracks and holes in iron kettles, &c. I have filled holes an inch in diameter in kettles, and used the same for years in boiling water and feed. It may also be used to fasten on lamp tops, to tighten loose nuts, to secure loose bolts whose nuts are lost, tighten loose joints of wood or iron, loose boxes in wagon-hubs, and in a great many others. In all cases the article mended should not be used until the cement has hardened, which will require from one day to a week, according to the quantity used. This cement will resist the action of water, hot or cold, acids, and almost any degree of heat.

When Soiling Crops Pay.—The system of growing crops, to be fed green to cows and other stock, has long been practised by farmers with success.—But it depends on the extent of good pasture one has, and the number of cows that he keeps, to determine whether it is best, or not, to grow crops to feed green. If a farmer never lacks good pasture through the entire season, soiling his cows is of no object to him, as they will produce as much milk on an abundance of good grass in his pasture, as they will on any green crop that can be grown. But suppose the pastures fail in August and September; and your cows begin to fail in their milk, and to grow poor for want of sufficient food to sustain them in a good condition? In such a case green crops will save you a serious loss as it is expensive to bring cows back to an abundant flow of milk when that is lost from a lack of feed. There is a class of small farmers, and milkmen who sell their milk in villages, or otherwise, who have not land enough to pasture all the cows they desire to keep, and with such men soiling is advantageous, three or four cows being kept to the acre of green crops grown.

Feeding Brewers' Grains.—Many persons, living where brewers grains may be easily obtained, are interested in knowing the value of them, and to what extent they can be profitably fed to cows. It is bad management to feed cows almost wholly on grains, as they injure them for feeding them in other ways; and they will immediately fall off in their milk when the grains are discontinued, and it is very difficult to reinstate them in their milk-producing qualities when long fed on them. In brief, it is not good management to feed cows extensively on grains for a long time, as they impair their health, and affect in some degree the quality of the milk; therefore, it is not advisable to purchase cows when their milk is the main object, from one who feeds them almost exclusively on grains, or in a large degree. When grains are mixed with meal and bran, two or three quarts of corn meal, and the same of bran, to a bushel of grains, letting the grains lie a day until fermented slightly, no injury results to cows, if also fed moderately on hay. Another good way is to place hay, grains, and bran, or meal, in layers, first a layer of hay, then one of wet grains and meal, in the proportion of 20 lbs. of hay to 40 lbs. of grain, and four pounds of corn meal, or about these proportions, to be fed after lying a day.

Put on the Roller.—Winter grain, which has been partly lifted out of the ground by frosts, will be greatly benefited if rolled early in spring, or so soon as the land is dry enough to admit of a team passing over it. Rolling presses the loosened roots back into place, bringing the soil into close contact with each fibre, preventing drying up and injury from exposure to air and light. All lumps of earth are thus broken down, while at the same time the small interstices between the plants are filled in, leaving the surface smooth, level, and in excellent condition for the reaper or mower later in the season. If grass or clover has been sown previous to seeding, a much more even stand of plants will be secured than if this very important operation is neglected. No farmer can afford to be without a good roller, or neglect to use it frequently upon his land, whether light or heavy; but there are many, we regret to say, who never had such an implement on their farms. Should these attempt to put our hint into practice, they would be forced to borrow one from a neighbor; but the better way would be either to buy or hire one, and pay a fair price for its use. Meadows, as well as winter grain, may be greatly benefited by rolling in spring, for the grass roots are often disturbed by the frosts of winter; and compacting the earth about them will result in a more vigorous and early growth. The rapidity with which this operation may be performed leaves no excuse on the score of expense or want of time, and moreover it can be done before much other kinds of spring work are begun. One trial will usually suffice to show the unbelieving farmer that rolling grain and meadows is a profitable investment.

THE MAGIC GIFT.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

Rudolph Berge was an indolent and discontented boy. He was fifteen years old, and pretended to work in a great toy manufactory in Augsburg, in Germany. I say pretended to work for, although Rudolph made vast show of being always busy whenever he observed anyone watching him, he in reality did very little, spending most of his time in idly lolling over his tasks, indulging in listless and fantastic day-dreams.

Rudolph was fertile in excuses; indeed it was by excuses, almost solely, that he managed to retain his place in the toy manufactory, for, whenever detected in idleness, or whenever his work was not finished in the required time, a well-told tale invariably extricated him from his difficulties, and brought him off, if not with honor, at least without greater damage than a slight reprimand.

Fortunately for Rudolph, Herr Wyckoff, his master, was terribly near-sighted; he could not see half across the great work-room, and his shuffling, noisy walk, or rather slide, prevented him from suddenly taking anyone unawares. Besides, Herr Wyckoff was one of the most credulous and confiding of mortals; he believed in everything and everybody, and was not suspicious even of the town tax-gatherer, who cheated him monthly under his very nose.

Our indolent hero had made a special study of Herr Wyckoff and his peculiarities; he knew his master like a book and, without scruple, took the utmost advantage of every iota of this knowledge.

In the work-room with Rudolph labored many other boys and girls, but, as a rule, they were attentive to their tasks, and gave but slight heed to the idle day-dreamer, whom they were disposed to regard as a very, very black sheep.

Rudolph did not care a fig for the opinions of his diligent companions, nor did he mind in the least that the workers kept away from him and, in a measure, banished him from their society and enjoyments. In fact he rather relished his isolation, for it not only prevented his conscientious comrades from reasoning with him on his numerous shirkings of duty, but also enabled him to sit in a remote corner of the work-room, by himself, and to get through the day with just as much labor as suited him—that is, not to put too fine a point on the matter, with as little as possible.

Now our hero, like all other lazy people, wanted to be rich; he hated to be forced to toil for his daily bread, and the one engrossing subject of his listless speculations and fantastic day-dreams was the sudden and marvellous acquisition of untold wealth.

At the time of the opening of my tale, Rudolph had just finished making a gigantic Jack-in-the-Box. He had been many weeks at the task and, now that its accomplishment was achieved, felt as if he had done great things, and was persuaded that Herr Wyckoff ought to pay him double wages, the ensuing Saturday, for his wonderful dexterity and swiftness, whilst the truth is that anyone of our hero's comrades in the manufactory would have made the Jack in four or five days, and made it much better.

Rudolph was an awkward workman, and the toy, so to speak, was not much viewed from a mechanical standpoint, but its indolent maker, possibly from the long time he had spent over it, had conceived a strong affection for it, and had come to regard it as perfection itself.

The afternoon, on which the Jack was finished, was one of these dull, dark, foggy afternoons we all of us so much detest. It was winter-time, and a persistent though slight rain, which was in progress without, kept up a miserable and remorseless drizzle, well calculated to evoke those demons, the Blues, or that equally infernal sprite, Discontent.

Rudolph sat at his work-bench looking at his master-piece, and admiring it for about the fifty thousandth time. He seemed never tired of stealthily unhooking the box-lid, and watching the gigantic Jack spring up suddenly into the air, uttering his harsh croak and shaking his long, shaggy locks.

"Oh, if he were only a fairy, a real, live, money-giving fairy, instead of a mere dead block of painted wood, set on a wire, how happy I should be!" muttered the idle boy, whilst thus engaged, and then, murmuring something about his hard life, he placed his face in both his hands and fell instantly into one of his elfin day-dreams.

How long Rudolph remained in this state I cannot now accurately say, but certain it is that when he returned to a consciousness of mortal things, and gazed about him, he found the work-room silent and all his fellow-laborers gone.

"Gracious!" cried he, starting to his feet and hastily grasping his cap and great coat. "It's quite dark, and everybody's away but me! I'm afraid I'm locked in!"

And Rudolph turned quickly to make his way into the great hall of the manufactory.

As his hand was on the knob of the work-room door, he suddenly heard a sharp click in the direction of the bench he had just quitted, and, glancing swiftly towards that locality, saw, to his extreme terror and amazement, that the lid of his newly-made box was open, and that Jack had leaped bodily out of his prison, and was madly bowing and capering about the top of the bench, like some grotesque thing of life.

I say he saw all this and, I must add, that he saw it distinctly, for the deserted work-room had, on the instant, become brilliantly lighted up by myriads of minute fires, that shifted constantly from place to place, and resembled nothing so much as the evening sparkles of the summer lightning-bug.

Rudolph stood like a statue, silently gaping at the strange spectacle before him. He did not know what to make of it. He noted, however, that the Jack was remarkably ungainly in his movements, that he was a perfect conglomeration of bodily deformity, and that his countenance wore an expression that was diabolical in the extreme.

At last the Jack stopped his mad bowing and capering, and, seating himself on the very edge of the bench, yelled out in a harsh voice:

"Hello!"

"Hello, yourself!" shouted Rudolph in return, his amusement at the ludicrous scene getting the better of his fear.

The Jack commenced kicking his heels noisily against the front of the bench, and then fell to laughing immoderately.

"What are you laughing at, you ugly little imp?" cried Rudolph.

"I'm laughing to think what a fool you'll be when I make you rich!"

Without further words the grotesque creature leaped from the bench to the floor, turning a double somersault in the air as he did so, and came bounding towards our hero. Rudolph did not quit his position, and the Jack came on until he was directly in front of him, when he stopped, and began growing taller and thinner, until he towered away above our hero, looking like a Lombardy poplar or a stand-pipe, and as slim as a lath.

Rudolph began to doubt that he was awake.

"Ha, ha! ho, ho!" laughed the Jack, stooping down and grimacing horribly in the bewildered boy's face. "What do you think of me now?"

Our puzzled hero knew not what to think—he was utterly at his wit's end.

The Jack now slapped him on the shoulder, and cried out:

"Rudolph, my fine fellow, I've come to make you rich beyond your wildest desires. Here, take this, and, when you wish for anything, blow into it until it is entirely filled with air, and you will at once get what you want; only be careful that you entirely fill my present after making your wish, for if you leave but one small corner of it empty, you can never expect to get what you would have! My 'Magic Gift' has a name, Rudolph, but I may not now tell you what it is; time alone will enable you to find it out!"

And the Jack slipped a small, silken bag into our hero's hand, and then suddenly disappeared through the floor with a mocking laugh. The lights, too, vanished with him, and Rudolph was left in total darkness.

For a brief space the boy remained rooted to the spot, holding the "Magic Gift," and scarcely realizing that he had it in his possession. Then he struck a match and lighted the great work-room lamp, and then for the first time, he looked upon his treasure. It was, as I have before said, a small silken bag; its texture was extremely fine, it was covered with strange but beautiful figures, and it was furnished with a minute ivory mouth-piece. Rudolph longed to try its efficacy, but it was some time before he could bring himself to make the attempt. At last, however, he boldly wished for mountains of gold, and put the ivory tube between his lips.

He blew and blew and blew again, and the bag expanded and expanded and seemed never to be entirely filled. As it increased in size, the wonderful figures on it began moving and varying, like the colors and scenes on a child's soap bubble. They were shapes the like of which Rudolph had never seen before, and those shapes floated in pictures that seemed tinted photographs of dream-land.

Our hero's face grew red, and he panted and fairly staggered from his extreme labor, but he persevered stoutly, and finally the bag swelled to the dimensions of the largest sized school globe, and tearing itself from the mouth-piece, rose slowly and grandly towards the ceiling, against which it rested.

Rudolph now beheld the perfect realization of his wish; the work-room, imperceptibly, became full of immense piles of glittering yellow coin, and through the windows, out in the moonlight (for the weather had now cleared) were seen great mountains of it stretching far away into the dim distance.

Rudolph could scarcely contain himself for his joy; he picked up coin after coin, and tried piece upon piece to see if the gold was genuine. Then he sat down on the floor beside a heap and patted it fondly, and then he laughed outright and murmured:

"Oh, how happy I am; I'm richer than Crœsus. I'll never work another hour!"

"You're beginning to be a fool, Rudolph!" here croaked the voice of the Jack. "I knew you couldn't stand it!"

Our hero turned quickly in the direction of the sound, but the imp was not visible.

"I must have this treasure hidden away, or some knave will certainly steal it," thought Rudolph. "I'll wish it stowed safely in a cave known only to me."

And the indolent boy wished and wished, but forgetting to blow into the elfin bag, the gold remained where it was.

At last he thought of the bag, and seeing it lying collapsed in a corner, ran and seized it.

He fitted it to the ivory mouth-piece and blew and blew as before, and oh, what tremendous labor it was to fill it perfectly; but he succeeded finally, as in the first instance; the gold vanished, and he was conscious that it was concealed in a vast cavern near his mother's dwelling. And now for the first time, when the "Magic Gift" was fully expanded, Rudolph noticed a name and a motto on its side; that name was "Exertion," and the motto read: "*Whoever uses me properly will obtain all he desires!*"

At this moment the flame of the great work-room lamp leaped violently up, and then sinking suddenly, went utterly out, leaving Rudolph once more in darkness.

Just then, too, a mighty clatter arose outside, in the manufactory hall-way, and in an instant more the door of the work-room was thrown open with a loud bang, and the light of a huge lantern illuminated the whole scene. The lantern was in the hands of Herr Wyckoff, and beside the master were seen the frightened faces of Rudolph's mother and little sister.

Rudolph stood rubbing his eyes.

"Oh, Rudolph, you naughty boy!" cried his mother, shaking her finger at her bewildered son. "You've been all this while asleep here! What a shock you've given us all!"

"We thought the wolves had eaten you up!" piped his little sister.

Herr Wyckoff looked terribly angry.

"Come, now, you scapegrace, get home!" he cried.

Rudolph began to whimper.

"Let me get my 'Magic Gift' first!" he spluttered.

"What 'Magic Gift?'" asked Herr Wyckoff, sternly.

"The bag the Jack gave me a while ago!"

"The boy's crazy!" cried the mother. "Come, get home!"

Rudolph, not daring longer to disobey, departed, whining, with his mother and sister.

He kept a still tongue in his head that night, and could not be induced to say a word further about his wonderful adventure with the Jack.

Next morning he was the first to enter the work-room of the toy manufactory, but though he searched eagerly near and far, and examined minutely every nook and cranny of the apartment, no trace was he able to find of the "Magic Gift," the wealth-conferring elfin bag!

And what surprised him still more was the fact that Jack was yet in his box and apparently all right.

Rudolph sat down before his work-bench to think.

Had it all then been but a delusive dream?

He was forced reluctantly to confess that he could make nothing out of it.

But after a time an idea struck him. He remembered his great labor in completely blowing up the fairy bag—his immense toil before any of his wishes could be accomplished—and he also recalled the name of the bag, "Exertion," and the motto on it: "*Whoever uses me properly will obtain all he desires,*"—and he said to himself:

"This dream, or whatever it was, was intended to teach me a lesson, and at last I have learned it: If I ever want to get rich I must use Exertion!"

But little further remains to be said.

That day Rudolph worked like a little trooper and accomplished so much that the scolding Herr Wyckoff had fully resolved to give him, for sleeping in the work-room the evening before and idly dreaming of Jacks and fairy bags, was not administered.

The reform of our lazy hero, to the surprise of all, was permanent, and he soon turned out as many and as well-finished toys each day as the best hand in the whole great manufactory.

Rudolph prospered straight along from this eventful period, and in after years, when he had grown wealthy and had become the master of the toy manufactory, he was frequently heard to say that all his vast success was entirely due to a certain mysterious "Magic Gift!"

Boys and girls, remember the story of Rudolph, and, above all, never forget that if you would ever be of any account in the world, you must blow up the elfin bag—you must use EXERTION!

◆

SUFFER not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes, but, on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

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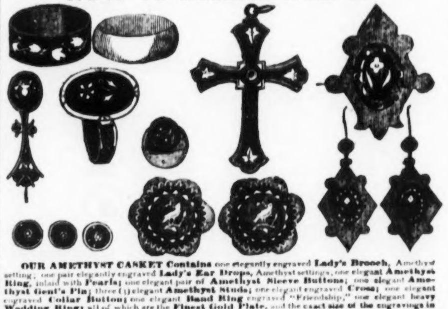

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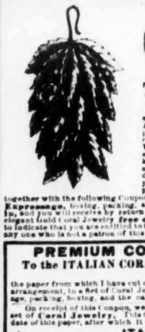

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IMOGENE POLONAISE.

It may be made of any material used for suitings, or else if preferred, may be made of black silk or cashmere. It is cut quite long, both in the back and front. It is closed diagonally from the left shoulder to the waist line or a few inches below. The front of the skirt is draped in irregular folds, horizontally laid, down the centre of which are placed ribbon bows and looped ends. One side is looped higher than the other, and has three ribbon bows with the same looped ends placed down it, holding the folds of looping in place. The other side has the pocket, which is formed of successive rows of horizontal pleating. A bow with long ends finishes the bottom of it. The sleeves are plain from the elbow to the wrist, and are finished at the wrist by pointed cuffs. From the elbow to the shoulder there is a succession of horizontal pleats, down the outer seam of which are three bows of ribbon. The neck of the polonaise has a double ruche of fine pleatings. The back of the polonaise skirt is laid in folds under the side seams just below the belt. Whatever looping there is, is quite low down, and merely consists of three irregular sized pleats upturned and at a distance of six inches from each other. Sometimes when this garment is made in black silk or cashmere it is embroidered around the edge and trimmed with a pleating of French lace, or else a notched fringe.

THE JOCKEY SUIT

has a lower skirt of silk. Our model was of plum color bordering on the blue, with two four inch flounces of silk and wool, the lower one of silk, the upper of woolen goods. The lower flounce is knife pleated, while the upper one is set on in box pleating. The overskirt has the new feature of the season, the pleated back, which has entirely superseded all puffed and bouffant drapery there. There are six of these pleats, which are laid very deep and held flatly in place by tapes sewed on underneath. These tapes are placed in rows with five inches between, for some distance down the back, to about a foot and a half of the bottom of the overskirt; here there is a slight draping of the back widths. The front breadths are in deep irregular folds, upturned folds, and the sides are different, one being much larger than the other, or appearing so from the manner of looping. The pocket is put on the right side, and not very low down; it is gathered top and bottom, reticule shaped, and is suspended by a silk cord. A long looped bow hangs from the centre of the upper part of the pocket and is made of the double faced ribbon, which in this case is plum blue on one side, and pale buff color on the other. The right side is looped in pleats and is much shorter than the left side. This side is cut open, and is held together by bows of ribbons similar to the one upon the pocket. The bottom of the overskirt is piped with two cordings of alternate silk and woolen material, while a bias facing of silk five inches deep is set on above and stitched down on the upper edge with four rows of machine stitching done in light plum colored silk. A ball fringe edges the lower part.

It is from the basque of this suit that its name is derived. It is very much like the basques of riding habits, but it is cut much longer, and has not the full pleats in the back seen on many basques of this shape. It has two long narrow tabs in the side seams of the back seen on many basques of this style. It has two long narrow tabs in the side seams of the back. The middle seam is left open, and is piped all around with a double cord of alternate silk and woolen material. The side form seams begin the shoulder seams, and a good effect is given by letting these seams remain closed for two inches below the waist line. A button marks the opening of the skirt seams of the basque in the back. The sides are short although they cover the tips. The seam under the arm is pretty far forward and gives the effect of third dart for the front. The front is pointed and is very plain. A double collar of silk and wool describing double points turned over in front. Smoked pearl buttons set very close together fasten the front. The sleeves are plain, with a puff cut bias and set on just below the shoulders. The wrist has two ruffles, with a bias between; one ruffle turning to the wrist, one to the elbow. Three buttons are placed close together on the outer seam. A bow of ribbon and a jabot of *crepe lisse*, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, is worn at the throat.

A FRENCH DRESS FOR A GIRL

is shown of dark green cashmere. The fronts are cut sack shape, the plain part ending just above the knees. A deep kilt pleating of the material is put on here, headed by a milliner's fold of dark green silk. Pockets with pointed laps are set on each side, under the arm seam. The back is also sacque form, but the plain part only extended an inch or two below the belt line. A short pleating is then put on about five inches deep. This is also headed by a milliner's fold of silk. Below this there is a deep kilt pleating which forms the skirt at the back. The sleeves are plain, with three knife pleatings overlapping each other. A standing collar finishes the neck.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Yellow continues in favor for trimmings. One must be careful not to have too much of it in a costume, as it is a very conspicuous tint.

Very wide fringes are in vogue now, both in silk and wool.

A fancy for trimming the edges of vests, cuffs, pockets, etc., is to sew on small buttons so close together that they overlap and look as if on a string.

When silk sleeves are used in costumes it is customary now to have them rather loose at the wrist, disclosing within a tighter sleeve of wool.

All dresses have cravat bows, either of ribbon or silk, to match the dress trimming.

Black cashmere and camel's dresses and polonaises are trimmed with wide galloon in India colors, the pearl buttons matching the colors in the galloon.

The pointed Spanish belts of velvet or silk are again in favor.

Some basques have plain backs with full blouse fronts. With these a belt is worn of course.

The new scarf-shaped mantels are shown in several varieties.

Black cashmere sacques buttoned from throat to hem and coming down quite long in front are much worn this spring.

Buttons embroidered in small jets or pearl beads are used for suits.

Short ostrich tips are used for trimming spring hats, combined with wide silk scarfs.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Lafitte, Louisville, Ky.—The reseda color mentioned is mignonette color, and is a greenish yellow, or a blending of pale green and yellow, which forms a combination quite becoming to blondes. We would advise you to get a darker silk for the promenade than the pearl color—the "London smoke" is better. A Normandy crown bonnet to match your suit will be appropriate and in good taste.

Emma R. I.—There are some high-crowned hats to be seen this spring not unlike your favorite Gainsborough shape, and in the rough braid worn last summer. This rough straw is popular, also, for smaller hats and bonnets. Yes, we can purchase the articles you desire. If you wish an answer by mail, always send a stamp for reply, otherwise we do not notice communications except in this column.

"Lottie Lisle."—A stitching of light blue on the plum blue polonaise will be pretty. Yes, sleeveless Valenciennes sacques will be again worn.

NINON.

TO THE COMING FLOWERS

Awake dear sleepers from your wintry tombs,
The sun has turned the point of Capricorn,
And gins to pluck from Winter's wings the plumes
Of darkness, and to wind his silver horn
For your return. Come to your homes, for lorn
In absence of your odors and your faces,
Like Rachel weeps for you the reaved morn,
As often as she views your empty places,
Erewhile the daily scene of her and your embraces.

Come, gentle snowdrop, like the earliest star
That twinkles on the brow of dusky Night;
Come, like the child that peeps from door ajar,
With pallid cheek, upon a wasteful sight
And shouldst thou rise when all around is white,
The more thou'lt demonstrate the power of God
To shield the weak against the arms of might,
To strengthen feeble shoulders for their load,
And sinking hearts 'mid ills they could not full forebode.

Come, crocus cup, the cup where early bees
Sip the first nectar of the liberal year,
Come and illume our green, as [illegible]
Light up the poet's song. And O ye dear
March violets, come near, come breathing near!
You too, fair primroses, in darksome woods
Shine forth, like heaven's constellations clear,
And come, ye daisies throng in multitudes,
And whiten hills and meadows with your saintly hoods.

Come with thy lilies, May, thy roses, June,
Come with your richer hues, Autumnal hours,
O tell your mellowing sun, your regal moon,
Your dewy drops, your soft refreshing showers,
To lift their blessing hands in Flora's bowers,
Nor e'en to scorn the bindweed's flossy gold,
Nor foxglove's banner hung with purple flowers,
Nor solitary heath that cheers the wold,
Nor the last daisy shivering in November's cold!

FIVE DAYS IN PRISON FOR MURDER

BY AN OLD CHUM.

During the gold fever in Australia I was at work on Burnt Flat, Springfield. I didn't live on the Flat, for the fellows that congregated about there were such a rough lot that my mate and I preferred taking up our abode at the head of one of the small gullies in the neighborhood. Only one other person lived near us, and that was an old fellow named Steele, who occupied a log hut about a couple of hundred yards from our tent. He had been on the diggings ever since the first, and had never been known to work with a mate; in fact, from his lonely habits he was known far and wide as "the Hatter." His sole companion was a large and powerful kangaroo dog, named Watchman, whose disposition very much resembled that of his master, for he never took notice of either man or beast except when they approached too near the hut, on which occasions he showed himself worthy of his name.

The Hatter had been at work for a long time at some surfacing on an adjacent hill. When he first began at it some few trials of the stuff were made by others, but as they never could manage to hit upon anything payable, he was soon left in undisturbed possession of his hill-side, out of which it was generally imagined that he contrived to extract a bare livelihood and no more. On one side of the Flat there was a police-camp containing a sergeant and half a-dozen troopers. They were all of them Irish and the majority had been men of good position, who coming out to Australia in search of fortune, and unwilling to woo her with pick and shovel, had adopted a less toilsome though likewise less lucrative method of maintaining themselves. They were not at all a bad lot of fellows, with the exception of one, Dick Brady, or wicked Dick Brady, as he was frequently and justly called. He was a tall, handsome, dissipated, sinister looking man of undoubted pluck, and who would have possessed great bodily strength, had not hard living and drink impaired his forces. He was, at the best of times, a most unpleasant companion; when sober, always narrating horrible, ribald tales, and sneering at everything good and holy; when drunk, a perfect devil incarnate, and savage as a tiger.

One Saturday evening I was down at the Caledonian store with my mate. We were having a nobbler and a chat with some old friends, when in came Brady. He had already been drinking, and I knew that there would soon be a row, so I rose up to go, for the very sight of the man was hateful to me. However, my mate had unfortunately taken a little more than was good for him, and obstinately refused to stir, and as I did not choose to leave him when in that state, I had to sit down again.

Brady did his best to quarrel with some one, but as he was pretty well known to us all every one was careful not to give him a chance. However, as bad luck would have it, who should enter the store to make some purchases but the Hatter, accompanied by his dog.

"Hallo, Hatter!" shouted Brady, "what will you take for that animal of yours? I want a good Kangarooer, and he seems one of the right sort."

"Yes, Mr. Brady," said Steele, "there isn't a better hound in these colonies, but I don't mean to part with him just yet, thank you."

"Why, you half-starved miserable old skeleton, what good is he to you? Any cur will serve your turn. I wonder you can manage to keep a rat out of your scurvy earnings."

"That's my business, Mr. Brady; but I tell you once more that I don't mean to sell him. Besides, if I did, he's a queer customer, and would never make friends with anyone but me."

"Wouldn't be though," said Brady, who was by this time three parts drunk; "why he's as fond of me already as if he had known me from a pup. Here, Watchman, old boy!"

But Watchman did not respond to the invitation, but kept his eyes fixed upon Brady with anything but a friendly look. "Oh, you won't come, won't you. I'll soon make you, my lad," cried Brady, staggering across the store.

Watchman uttered a low, savage growl, and as the drunken trooper stooped to lay hold of him by the collar, sprang straight at his throat.

Over went Brady backwards, with the dog on the top of him. We all rushed to the rescue, and after a good deal of trouble managed to compel the infuriated animal to relax his hold. Brady's stock had saved him from much damage, but the minute he regained his legs, he snatched the knife out of my mate's belt and rushed at the dog again. Determined to put a stop to this, I thrust my foot out as he passed, and over he went headlong. He was up again in a moment, and came at me like a madman. But I was sober and cool, and easily avoiding the blow he made at me with the knife, I caught him with the left hand full on the temple, and sent him bleeding and stunned against the counter.

"Now, Hatter," said I, "you had better slope before you or the dog fall into trouble."

Steele took my hint, and, gathering up his purchases, departed, followed by Watchman.

Well, as Brady's hurts were of no great consequence, and as my mate, having succeeded, by the aid of several additional nobblers, in fully convincing himself that I was very drunk indeed, and should be much better in bed, seemed more inclined to move, I soon took myself off also. When Brady came to himself he vowed vengeance against me, but I did not heed his threats much, for my hands could always keep my head.

The next morning as I happened to be taking a stroll past Steele's hut the door opened, and the owner came out and invited me to enter, which I did. I found the inside very clean and comfortable, and nicely fitted up. In front of the blazing logs lay the cause of the last night's disturbance, who condescended to honor me with a friendly wag of the tail. But what attracted my attention the most was a shelf containing some fifty or sixty volumes of standard works.

"You are a lucky fellow," said I, "to have the means of getting through the long winter evenings without the necessity of frequenting the grog-shop. I would give something for such a lot of books as that."

"Ah," said he, "for many a long year they have been the only companions and friends I have known, always excepting my faithful dog, here. I love them too much to trust them out of my hut, but whenever you feel inclined to read, you can come over here of an evening, and welcome. I shall always be glad to see you, and I fancy I can find you a drop of better stuff than you get at the Caledonian."

Well, after that, as my mate was fond of going down to the township of an evening to amuse himself, I used to pay Steele a visit almost every night, and at last we got quite friendly, and he told me many a curious incident of his past life, for he had been for years a hunter in America before he took to the diggings in Australia. Amongst the other articles suspended on the walls of his hut was a revolver with five notches cut on the butt, each of which, as he told me, represented an Indian shot down by hand-to-hand conflict. About his present circumstances, however, he was much less communicative; and though from one thing or another, I was led to infer that he was doing rather better with his surfacing than was generally imagined, yet I had no suspicion that the stuff was more than what might just be termed just payable.

One night, on coming home, I found my mate awaiting my return.

"You have been over to Steele's, I suppose," said he.

"Yes. I didn't expect you so soon, or I would have returned before."

"He is a rare cunning fox, is your friend, Steele."

"How so."

"Why, here he has been keeping that hill-side all to himself all these months—everybody thinking it to be more tucker-ground,—and hang me if he hasn't been making his pile all the time."

"Nonsense," said I. "Why you know very well he was only left in quiet possession of it because no one else could make it pay."

"That's all very true, but then that was a long time ago, and he dropped across something much better since then."

"How do you know that?"

"Why you know there's a water-hole not far from where he is at work, with a lot of wattles on one side of it? Well, Joe Knivit happened to be down in that part this afternoon, and seeing old Steele coming along with a couple of buckets of wash-dirt, suspended at either end of that Chinaman's pole he uses, the fancy struck him that he would just see, for once, what the old chap got out of it, so he managed to hide himself close handy. Well, instead of about a pennyweight, as Joe had expected, the old fellow washed out a good half-ounce at the least, so that he must have a regular lot of gold stowed away somewhere. Joe told me this in confidence, so that we might be on the ground to-morrow, early, and get a good claim."

"Why," said I, "we have just bottomed a fresh hole which pays very well, and, you know, we can't hold another along with it."

"Well, we can give it up, I suppose?"

"What! give up a hole that runs a quarter of an ounce to the tub, and nuggets! No, thank you. You may, if you like; but I shall stick by it like a leech!"

"Very well; then you must look out for another mate, for I shall go down and join Joe's party."

The next morning, consequently, we parted company. I paid him for his share of the tent, and he took himself off with his swag. I soon got some one else to work with me, but as my new mate lived with his brother, who kept a store on the flat, I was left all alone in the tent. Of course, there was a regular rush up to Steele's hill; all the ground that was left was soon turned up, and a few first-rate patches found. There was no doubt that the Hatter must have done well, though the stories which got abroad about the vast amount of gold concealed in his tent were simply ridiculous. About a fortnight after my mate left me, I was coming up the gully late one evening when I heard the sound of horse's feet. As the rider met me he pulled up, and inquired if he was right for the flat.

"Quite right," said I; "but you will find it awkward riding this dark night amongst the holes."

"I know that voice," said he, "surely it must be Fred Hartley."

"The same, but who are you?"

"Why, your old Golden Point mate, Dick Vesey, to be sure, and jolly glad I am to see you. Perhaps you can tell me where I can lodge to-night. It must be a quiet crib, though for I am off up country to buy hides, and have a larger sum about me than I should like to lose."

"Well, under those circumstances you had better turn round again, and come up to my tent. I have a spare bed I can offer you. And there's water and feed for your horse close at hand."

"The very thing of all others. I accept with pleasure."

Of course we had lots to tell one another, so we sat over our grog till very late. It had been blowing all day, and now the wind had increased to a perfect hurricane accompanied occasionally by driving showers of rain. The storm was so violent that we had to speak in loud tones to make ourselves understood. I was just concluding the story of my adventures since we parted company, when he raised his finger, and motioned me to be silent.

"What is the matter?" said I, after sitting quiet for some moments.

"Did you not hear a scream?"

"I heard nothing at all."

"I am sure it was the cry of a human being, and seemed to come from the hill-side, yonder."

We went to the tent door and listened. No sound was to be heard but the roaring of the storm, and the splash of the heavy rain-drops.

"I must have been mistaken," said he, "let us turn in."

In the morning when I rose, which I did at daybreak, for Vesey was anxious to be off, I noticed that the door of Steele's hut was open.

"The old chap is up early," thought I. "I suppose he is out prospecting, now they have cleared out his hill."

After breakfast I showed my guest a short cut, by which he might avoid the township altogether, and then went off to my work. I had just come up from below, about smoking time, when I saw a whole mob of fellows running in my direction headed by Brady. As I was wondering what could be the matter, they came up to where I was sitting, and before I had time to ask any questions, I was seized by a dozen rough hands and pinioned.

"Come," said I, "just drop this. I am not fond of jokes."

"Oh, a joke you call it, do you?" said Brady, "I don't think you will find it one, though. It looks about as like a hanging matter, as anything I have known for some time."

"Hanging matter! What on earth do you mean?"

"How innocent he is, mates! One would think now, to hear him talk, that he had never been in Steele's hut at all, last night."

"No more I was."

"Oh, of course not! and pray how did your axe come to be found there?"

"Why, I lent it to Steele last Sunday, as he had broken the handle of his own."

"A very likely story, indeed, but it won't go down with me, perhaps, however, you will find the Beak soft enough to believe it. But I can't waste time talking, so just stir yourself a bit, for I must see you safe in Campbelford jail before night, and that's a good step from here."

"But," I exclaimed, "will no one tell me with what I am charged?"

"Why" said my old mate, who was amongst the crowd, "some fellows were passing by Steele's hut this morning, and finding the door open, went in to take a look round, and there they found the owner on the floor dead, with his dog beside him, badly cut about, but still alive. The murder had been committed with an axe and after a careful search yours was found covered with blood, concealed in the bush close by. However, keep up your pluck. None of us who know you believe you did it, though it is confoundedly awkward your sleeping all alone in that tent."

"But I was not alone. Dick Vesey, whom some of you know, passed the night with me, and he can prove that I was never a yard from my tent all the night."

"D——n your Dick Vesey," said Brady savagely, "what's he to me? Come along at once, or I'll make you."

"Oh, but," said several, "We know Vesey well, and if he supports Hartley's story that will make things look very different. Where is Dick?"

"Why, unfortunately he went off up country this morning early, and I can't exactly say where he may be by this time, but he will be about some of the cattle stations out west, for he is gone to buy hides.

"Of course," said Brady, derisively, "he must be somewhere; but I fancy he'll not turn up time enough to save your neck, so come along."

After a hurried talk with my mate and other friends, who promised to scour the bush on all sides in search of Vesey, I was taken down to Campbelford before Mr. Grantham, the magistrate, and lodged in the jail. It was an old, very strongly-built log-house, extremely dirty, and swarming with vermin of every kind. It had been unoccupied for some time, and every description of small plague that bites, fastened upon me, with appetites whetted by a long fast. I shall never forget the misery of the next five days. I was almost eaten up alive, and I really think that had my captivity lasted much longer, I should have been fairly tortured to death. After the first couple of days had passed without Vesey's making his appearance, I began also to grow very uneasy. What if he had got lost in the bush, or, as he had a large sum of money about him, been stuck up and murdered. So much of my blood as my tormentors had left me, ran cold at the mere thought of such a thing. Then the suspicions that would naturally attach to me on account of my constant and well-known habit of frequenting Steele's hut, which it would of course be believed, must have given me an opportunity of discovering where his supposed large store of gold was concealed. When to this was added the finding of my axe, with which the murder had undoubtedly been committed, it must be evident to every one, and I was unable to conceal from myself that, innocent as I was, I must inevitably suffer the fate of the guilty, should Vesey not be forthcoming. On the sixth morning, when worn out with anxiety and want of sleep, I had become but the shadow of my former self, the heavy door was thrown open, and in walked Graham and Vesey. The sight was too much for me in the weak state I was in, and I fainted. When I came to myself, I was in the parlor of the little inn. Vesey's appearance had put everything right. Steele had been seen alive about 10 p. m., and the doctor who had been called in when he was discovered at about nine in the morning, gave it as his opinion that he must have been dead about seven or eight hours, so that it was clear that I could not have been the guilty party. A good long sleep in a comfortable bed soon put me to rights again, and the next day, Mr. Grantham's man drove me over to Springfield. I got down at the Caledonian. After the first greetings were over, my mate said:

"I suppose Brady didn't care about meeting you again, after the brutal manner he behaved to you, for he left his diggings yesterday."

"And a good riddance, too," said the storekeeper; "I never want to see his black muzzle any more."

"What has become of the dog?" I inquired.

"Why the doctor bandaged up his wounds and he is getting all right again; but they have to take him up food to the hut, for he won't leave it."

After I had been up to my tent, to see that all was right, I walked over to the hut. I found the dog lying on his poor master's bunk. He knew me at once, and after a great deal of coaxing I managed to get him to follow me. You may think that I at once shifted my abode, and as soon as we had worked out our hole, I took myself off to the Ovens. I had been there about nine or ten months, when, one Sunday morning early, I heard a row, and on stepping out I saw a crowd of fellows round a tent which had only been put up the night or two before. I walked up to have a look what was the matter, and then found that it was a dispute between a Cornishman and an Irishman, the former charging the latter with having sold him a salted hole on Bendigo, some little time before. Well, I thought I knew the Irishman's voice, and when I came to look at him closely, sure enough it was Brady, though a long beard and a digger's costume had made a great change in his appearance. "Oh, ho! my friend," thought I, "now I have got you, have I? We will soon settle our little difference." Just at this moment up came Watchman, who had lagged behind to have a little quiet conversation with a neighbor's dog, having much improved in his manners since he had been with me. We were on the skirt of the mob, but no sooner did he hear Brady's voice than he dashed through the crowd, and in an instant pinned him by the throat. Of course there was no end of confusion and uproar, but with great difficulty we managed to get the dog off again. I had, however, to hold him back with all my force to keep him from renewing his attack. As soon as Brady was free he jumped up like a madman, rushed into the tent, and coming out again with a revolver in his hand, drew on the dog, perfectly regardless of whom he might hit. Luckily the first barrel missed fire, and before he could discharge the second a bystander caught him a blow over the arm with a pick-handle which made him drop his weapon. I stooped to pick it up to prevent his regaining it, but you may imagine what my surprise was when I perceived that it was the very revolver I had often noticed in Steele's tent. The five notches in the stock left no doubt of it.

"Brady," I cried, "where did you get this from?"

"My name is O'Connor," said he; "and as to the pistol, what's that to you?"

"I'll soon tell you that. Look here, mates, this is Steele, the Hatter's, revolver, which was taken out of his tent the night he was murdered. Dick Brady the trooper here, or O'Connor as he now calls himself, was on Springfield at the time, so I think it would be just as well to ask him a few questions."

I suppose Brady began to think that things were growing awkward, for seizing a shovel he gave it one sweep, clearing a circle all around him, and then taking advantage of the confusion, started for the bush as hard as he could lay legs to the ground. He was a very fleet runner, and would probably have escaped had it not been for Watchman, who seized him before he had got many yards, and in spite of all his struggles held him till he was secured. As we were taking him down to the township we met a party of troopers.

"Who have you got there?" said they.

"Dick Brady."

"The very man we were after. He's wanted for a murder in town. It's a clear case, for one of his pals has peached."

We handed over our prisoner, glad enough to get rid of him. He was taken down to Melbourne, tried and condemned. Before his execution he confessed to the murder of poor Steele, and to have been tempted thereto by the store of gold he was supposed to have by him, which, however, he had been unable to find. He had discovered my axe lying outside the door, with which he had committed the foul deed, and which, had it not been for my fortunate encounter with Vesey, would probably have served to bring me to the gallows.

A MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful, waving arms, as you call them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large open mouth, which is hidden down deep among them—so hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately become numb, and in a moment stops struggling; and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE wheat grown in the eastern parts of Europe, where the summers are very hot and dry, is richer in nitrogenous principles than that cultivated in the western parts. That from the Samara province of south-eastern Russia is particularly rich in albuminoids.

LEATHER belts when new, says Rankine, are not quite of the heaviness of water, say about sixty pounds per cubic foot, but, after having been some time in use, they become thinner and denser by compression, and are then about as heavy as water. The weight of a single belting may be approximately estimated at 0.08 lb. per foot length and inch breadth.

ONE of the German dynamite manufactories has lately been producing a cheap sort of dynamite called pantopollite, the peculiarity of which rests in the fact that it contains a small percentage of napthaline dissolved in the nitro-glycerine. The purpose of this addition is stated to be in order to prevent the formation of disagreeable nitrous vapors during explosions. The results of practical tests with the material seem to have been quite satisfactory.

THE production of silver between 1492 and 1848, in the American mines, exceeded that of gold nearly as three to one, and in all the world as nearly two to one; while from 1848 to 1874, the ratio of production has been reversed, and gold has taken the relation, in the production of silver, of slightly above two to one. * * * The total amount of gold produced since the discovery of this hemisphere, all told, up to 1874, in round numbers, has not been greater than $8,780,500,000, and during the last twenty-six years, barely $5,280,000,000, that is to say, an annual average production of about $200,000,000.

ONE of the latest engineering projects is that of blocking up the Straits of Belle Isle, which separate the coast of Labrador from Newfoundland, in order to divert into the Atlantic the vast fields of ice which come down from Baffins Bay and make the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence much colder than those of the ocean. It is claimed that if the straits were shut up, the climate of Canada would be much tempered, and navigation in the gulf could be kept up all the year round. It will be a big job, for the straits are eight and a half miles wide in their narrowest point, and, of course, very deep.

BALLOON observations are made daily from the Pont-Neuf in Paris by an optician named Secretan, who, each noon sends up regularly small balloons made of India-rubber, filled with pure hydrogen, for the purpose of ascertaining the direction of the various streams of air and the height of the clouds. The results are daily published in the *Petit Moniteur*. The mean velocity of elevation is about 15 feet per second. Hence to obtain the altitude of the clouds, it is sufficient to observe the balloon with an opera glass, and counting the number of seconds which elapse, until it has disappeared in the opacity of the clouds, multiply the sum by 15. It is found that the altitude of clouds varies from 1300 to 2500 feet, and the prospects of fair weather are increased in proportion to the elevation of the clouds. These experiments have been in progress since the beginning of February.

THE proposition is seriously made to form a sea of the desert of Sahara, by cutting a channel to let in the waters of the Mediterranean, an enterprise regarded as entirely feasible. But a German scientific writer asserts that the Sahara project, if carried out, would eventually turn Europe into another Greenland. He alleges that the diversion of the Gulf Stream, by the cutting of the Suez canal, has already begun to have an influence on the climate of Europe, and that the covering of the burning sands of the great African desert with water, would destroy the hot winds which are necessary for the melting of the Alpine snow and ice, and would finally result in a glacial formation that would overwhelm Italy. He instances the changes in climate in Australia and New Guinea by the deviation of a warm current of water which formerly ran through Torres Straits as a practical illustration of his theory.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No rejected articles will be returned to writers unless the necessary postage stamps are furnished. It is better for writers to keep a copy of their articles to insure safety, as we cannot be responsible for their safe keeping. If requested to hold them in case of rejection, we will do so, if the request is made at the time the MS. is forwarded.

E. S. P. (Phila.)—You did all that etiquette required when you accompanied the lady home.

J. F. A., (Antonia, Mo.)—When a person addresses another by mistake and apologizes for so doing, the party addressed may answer by a bow and "you are excusable," or "certainly, your apology is accepted," &c.

LURLINE, (Albany, N. Y.)—There would be no impropriety in writing to the gentleman as a friend, but after having informed him that you did not wish to keep steady company with any one you could not reasonably expect him to call upon you or invite you out, as had been his custom.

J. E. F., (Easton, Pa.)—Unless the bouquet is too large, it should be held in the left hand while dancing. As this, however, is in most cases scarcely possible, it should be intrusted to a friend, who will kindly undertake to hold it, unless you have a bouquet holder with a chain by which you can let it hang from your waist.

S. W., (Quakertown, Pa.)—The misfortune of your birth is no disgrace to you; you cannot help it. If the young gentleman were to make it a reproach to you, or decline to marry you on that account, you would consider yourself well quit of a person who would be by no means likely to make a good husband.

W. A. B., (Quincy, Ind.)—Immediately your son, who, at the tender age of sixteen, was lured into marriage with an educated woman of thirty-one, becomes of age, he will have to support wife and child, and she will surely demand more than you now give her. Under the atrocious circumstances detailed, we should consult a lawyer.

W. H., (Fitchburgh, Mich.)—The first finger of the left hand is used by most Americans as the engagement finger, but by English people the third finger is the one on which the engagement ring is worn. The ring need not have any initial, but, if desired, the party presenting the ring may have his initials, and also the initials of the lady. The date may also be engraved.

HORACE, (Jefferson, Ala.)—It is useless for you to try to make out an excuse for a child's disobedience to its parents. The rule is imperative that children must obey. It is right that they should obey. All laws, divine and human, prescribe filial obedience. So stop entangling yourself in the web of sophistry which you have woven and practice a cheerful obedience to your parents.

S. H., (Racine, Ohio.)—Have nothing to do with the man you name. He is without doubt a quack, whose advertisements are so many traps to catch the unwary and imprudent. Why not apply at once to a medical practitioner? If you cannot afford so to do go to a hospital surgeon. If you do not accept this advice and act upon it, you will be but tampering with your constitution.

JAMES, (Wolf Creek, Ark.)—The boy is an American citizen so long as the father, also a citizen by naturalization, has not formally abandoned his residence here or his allegiance to the country. The case is peculiar. The child's citizenship could well be challenged, and in determining the motives and actions of the father while abroad would have to be taken into account. The son can forfeit his citizenship only by the father's loss of his.

A. E., (Jackson, Miss.)—Gladiators were original malefactors who fought for their lives, or captives, who fought for their freedom. They were exhibited at the funeral ceremonies of the Romans, probably following the Greek custom of sacrificing to the manes of deceased warriors the prisoners taken in battle. Gladiator fights were afterwards exhibited at festivals; these combats were suppressed in the East by Constantine the Great, and in the West by Theodoric.

J. H., (Little Rock, Ill.) asks "If there is any particular way of proposing to a young lady." There are many ways of proposing, and each is peculiar to the individual case. If the lady is of a sober, sedate disposition, he will approach the subject with solemnity. If she is of a lively temperament, a joke may be made of the affair. If sentimental, he may quote poetry and endeavor to make it a matter of romance. In any case a gentleman need not be refused if he has any discernment.

E. K., (Elliott, Ky.)—We are surprised that any one of ordinary education, intellect, or even common sense should ask us for the address of a fortune teller. If we knew one we should promptly forward it to the nearest police station. Those who gull credulous fools and idiots into a belief that they can "tell your fortune" are a set of unscrupulous hags and knaves, who rejoice, as well they may, when they have successfully plundered some silly dupes out of their cash for pretending to do that which is utterly out of their power, or that of any human being.

R. B., (Wilmington, Del.)—The manner in which a gentleman should congratulate a bride on her marriage, and the language he should use, depend so much on the terms and degree of intimacy subsisting between the parties, upon their relative positions, upon the lady's condition in life, and upon so many other things which cannot even be enumerated, that it is impossible to lay down any set rules upon the subject. If your congratulation is sincere, and expressed in simple and direct language, it will be pretty sure to be acceptable, and that is the main point.

Y. C., (Jacksonville, Fla.)—Man has been styled a speaking animal, a laughing animal, a bargaining animal and a drunken animal, in contradistinction to all other animals, who neither speak, nor laugh, nor bargain, nor get drunk, but a cooking animal seems, after all, his most characteristic and distinguishing appellation. In the important art of cooking victuals he shines pre-eminent; here he taxes all his faculties, racks his invention and gives unbounded range to his imagination. Nature has given to every other animal a peculiar taste and furnished three or four kinds of food to suit the taste, but this sense in man accommodates itself to an innumerable quantity of materials.

J. H., (St. Paul, Minn.)—Moderation, decorum and neatness distinguish the gentleman. He is at all times affable and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behavior is pleasant and graceful. When he enters the dwelling of an inferior he endeavors to hide, if possible, the difference between the ranks in life. In the mansions of the rich the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation. Correct principles caution him to avoid the gaming table or any other foible that could occasion him self-reproach. Appear only to be a gentleman, and its shadow will bring upon you contempt, be a gentleman and its honors will remain even after you are dead.

LAURA, (Bryant, Ark.)—We are afraid the domestic differences you complain of are caused by errors on your part as well as your husband's part. Try to lead, instead of drive him. A wife must never rule, or appear to rule her husband. Such conduct degrades husbands, and wives partake of their husbands' degradation. In every reasonable thing comply with his wishes; comply is not the word—acquiesce; it is not submision, but sympathy of taste and feeling that is wanted. As far as possible anticipate his wishes. Let every altercation be carefully avoided, and especially before company; nothing is so detestable as a squabble between man and wife. The wife should also bear in mind that it is not her business to interfere with that of her husband, unless he asks her counsel or advice; such interference however well-intended, may produce a breach of harmony, or, at all events, uneasiness. Act up to this advice, and communicate its practical results in about six months' time.

J. D. F., (El Paso, Texas).—The piety of Dr. Johnson, in some instances, bordered on superstition. He was willing to believe in preternatural agency, and thought it not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men. Even the question of second sight held him in suspense. "Second sight," says Mr. Pennant, "is a power of seeing images impressed on the organs of sight by the power of fancy, or on the fancy, by the disordered spirits operating on the mind. It is the faculty of seeing spectres or visions which represent an event actually passing a distance or likely to happen on a future day. In 1771 a gentleman, the last who was supposed to be possessed of this faculty, had a boat at sea in a tempestuous night, and, being anxious for his freight, suddenly started up and said his men would be drowned, for he had seen them before him with wet garments and dripping locks. The events corresponded with his disordered fancy. And thus," continues Mr. Pennant, "a distempered imagination, clouded with anxiety, may make an impression on the spirits, as persons troubled and restless with imagination see various forms and figures while they lie awake in bed."